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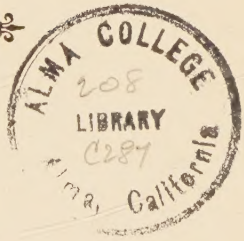

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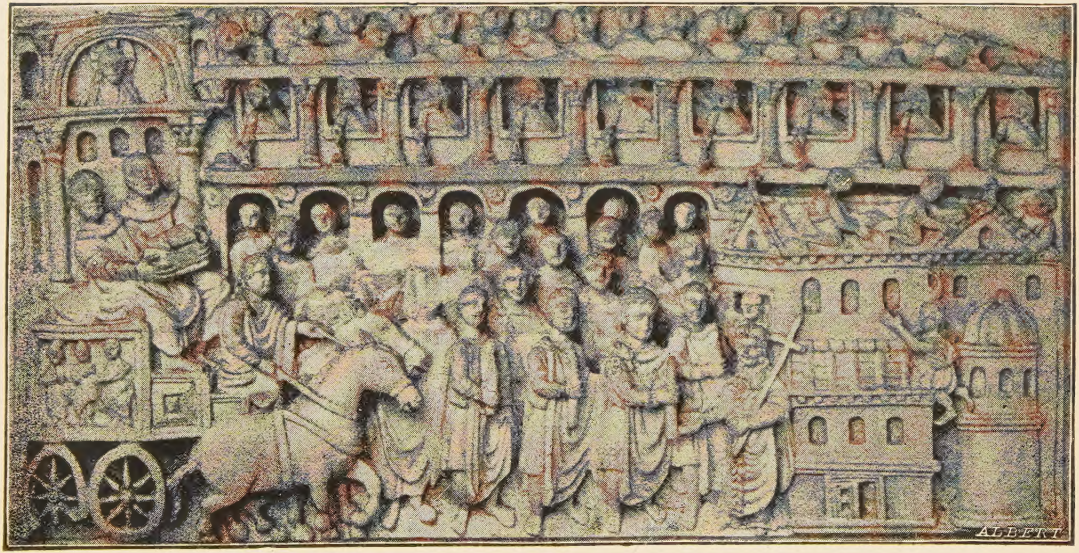


THE IVORY TABLET IN THE CATHEDRAL OF TREVES.

(The band worn by the two bishops in the chariot is probably the oldest representation of the Pallium in Christian art ; *see p. 10.*)

The Pallium.

BY THE REV. HERBERT THURSTON, S.J.

THE solemn reception of the pallium by a new Archbishop of Westminster has been an event of rare occurrence during the forty-one years of the existence of the English Hierarchy. When Cardinal Wiseman was enthroned in St. George's Cathedral in December, 1850, he was already in possession of the archiepiscopal insignia, having received them two months before from the hands of Pius IX., the very day that he issued his famous letter from the Flaminian Gate. In the case of Archbishop Manning also, the pallium was conferred in Rome. He had received episcopal consecration in June, 1865, proceeded to Italy in the autumn of that year, and was enthroned in the then Pro-Cathedral of Moorfields immediately on his return. Archbishop Vaughan, if rumour speaks correctly, will await the Papal Envoy in London. If so, it will come to pass that for the first time since Cardinal Pole was invested with the pallium in Bow Church on Lady Day, 1556, a ceremony will be witnessed on English soil, the primary object of which is to acknowledge "that the power of an Archbishop is held solely of Christ's Vicar, the

Roman Pontiff."[1] In view of this exceptional occasion, it has seemed worth while to publish in an easily accessible form some account of this most significant portion of the archiepiscopal insignia. Even for Anglicans the subject cannot be wholly devoid of interest, for by an anomaly hardly less curious than the retention of the *Fidei Defensor* in the legend of our coinage, the pallium, despite its avowed meaning and historical associations, remains to this day the most conspicuous object in the arms of the see of Canterbury.[2]

One remark it is necessary to make before we plunge into our subject. There are few points in ecclesiastical archæology which have been more keenly disputed than the origin and early history of the pallium, and it may be frankly admitted that we cannot pretend in this matter to anything like absolute certainty. At the same time, opinion for some years past has been gravitating strongly in one direction, and the view here set down, which was supported in the seventeenth century by De Marca and Thomassinus, has lately received the support of a scholar whose authority in the matter is of great

[1] Pole's own words in his impromptu sermon; see *Venetian Calendar*, 1556, vol. i. Letter of Marc Antonio Faitta, p. 428; and Dixon, *History of the Church of England*, iv. pp. 556, seq., but the first account of this interesting letter was published by James Laird Patterson, the present Bishop of Emmaus, in his *Tour in Palestine*, &c. (1852), p. 381.

[2] There is no pallium in the arms of the see of York, and the tiara above the cross keys has now been replaced by a royal crown. For both Dublin and Armagh the pallium has been retained, and the only point of difference between these two coats of arms lies in the number of crosses with which the palliums are ornamented. Dublin has four and Armagh five.

weight, the learned editor of the *Liber Pontificalis*.[1] The agreement of the Abbé Duchesne, of M. C. Rohault de Fleury,[2] of W. B. Marriott,[3] and many others, approaching the subject from such different points of view, alone forms a presumption not lightly to be set aside, while the opposition to their verdict seems to be chiefly of a negative character.[4] It would defeat the object of this paper to enter into any minute discussion of technical details, and it will be better therefore to take Duchesne's theory in general for granted. If any reader should desire to examine the question more fully, the authorities referred to in the notes will supply information about all the conflicting opinions.

Among the most costly, if not the most interesting, of the ivories of the South Kensington collection, are two or three fine specimens of consular diptychs. A Greek or Roman diptych, it may be necessary to explain, consists of two sheets of ivory or metal hinged together like the boards of a book-cover. The insides of these covers were intended for writing upon, and the word diptych is used by late classical authors as the equivalent of a pair of tablets, in other words, a note-book. From Constantine to Justinian the use of the word was almost confined to two special classes of objects, to wit, ecclesiastical and consular diptychs. With the ecclesiastical diptychs, the tablets upon which were written the names of the living and the dead prayed for or

[1] Duchesne, *Origines du Culte Chrétien* (Paris, 1889), pp. 372, seq.
[2] *La Messe*, vol. viii. (Paris, 1889), pp. 45, seq.
[3] *Vestiarium Christianum*, p. 237.
[4] Cf. *e.g.* Krieg in Kraus' *Real-Encyclopädie*, s.v. Pallium.

commemorated in the Mass, we are not at present concerned. The consular diptychs were similar in form, but were primarily mere ornaments given by the consuls nominated for each year as presents to their friends in commemoration of their tenure of office. The ivory plates of which they are composed were richly decorated, and, as the visitor to South Kensington may ascertain for himself, they generally represented the consul in whose honour they were carved, seated in his curule chair and presiding at the public games. Doubtless the proudest moment in the life of a noble Roman under the Empire was that when enthroned in state before the assembled thousands he gave the signal by dropping his *mappula circensis* (a sort of handkerchief) for the starting of the great chariot-race. This at any rate is the attitude in which he preferred to be depicted, and the elaborate carving of most of our extant specimens makes it clear that a considerable sum must have been spent in the gratification of this particular form of vanity.

Illustrating as they do an epoch in the development or decadence of ivory-carving, the consular diptychs are of course very valuable, but it is as a record of official costume in the fifth and sixth centuries that they are of interest in connection with our present subject. Strange to say, it is a record which it is not in all respects easy to read. The number of examples preserved to us is by no means inconsiderable.[1] The extant specimens, whether

[1] In his admirable paper on extant diptychs amongst the *Abhandlungen der philosophisch-philologischen Classe der Königlich Bayerischen Akademie der Wissenschaften* for 1879, W. Meyer, with German

Eastern or Western in origin, represent an almost identical arrangement of garments. Yet an examination of the diptychs figured in Gori's large collection is apt to leave the student in a good deal of perplexity as to points of detail.[1] But combining the data thus obtained with what we know from the literature of the period, and following the guidance of those who have given long attention to the subject, we arrive at certain broad conclusions which are sufficiently exact for present purposes.

The official costume then of the consuls on such solemn occasions seems to have consisted essentially of three articles of attire. First of all there was a rather close-fitting tunic, or under-garment, hidden from view for the most part, but at the same time easily distinguishable, as it hangs down almost to the feet, and peeps out unmistakably below the rest of the dress. Secondly, an upper garment of some sort, probably the *pænula*, or military cloak. This would seem to have been a covering of ample dimensions, either square or circular in form, and some ten feet in diameter—a sort of poncho, in fact, with a hole in the centre through which the head was passed. It may be added that difficulties are not wanting to this view, for the consular diptychs indicate that the upper garment fitted the body more closely than a poncho would naturally do. Still it is possible that the modelling of the folds in these cases

thoroughness, enumerates thirty-six specimens of consular diptychs, ranging from that of the Consul Probus in A.D. 406, to that of Basilius in 541. Of these twenty-seven are dated. M. Héron de Villefosse (see article in the *Gazette Archéologique* for 1884, since published separately) has been able to add one or two more to the list.

[1] Gori, *Thesaurus Veterum Diptychorum.*

is to some extent conventional. Finally, the consul wore over all the rest a *lorus* (λῶρος), or richly-embroidered scarf, which was wound round the person in a peculiar way, hanging down vertically in front, passing over either shoulder, and crossing the

DIPTYCH OF ANASTASIUS.
(*Consul of the East, A.D. 517, South Kensington Museum.*)

body from under the right arm until the end is clasped in the left hand, or thrown over the left wrist.[1]

[1] I give these details on the authority of Duchesne, but I may confess that my own sympathies go rather with the theory of W. Meyer, *Abhandlungen*, &c. loc. cit. pp. 23—27. He calls the inner garment a body-coat, or smock (*leibrock*), and the outer a *tunica*. What Duchesne describes as one long scarf (*écharpe*), he divides into two separate articles—a sort of broad band, and a plaid, although he thinks that the

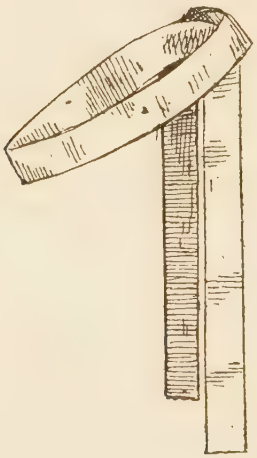
On the precise nature of this last garment, it is not easy to speak confidently. The part which hangs down in front does not appear to be much wider than any ordinary scarf, such as, for instance, is worn by French officials, or by workmen demonstrating in Hyde Park. In crossing the body, however, it is made to spread out somewhat, just as if its narrow compass in the beginning was due to its having been folded together like a Scotch plaid. But whatever may have been the arrangement which produces this effect, the *lorus* is a conspicuous object in all the diptychs, and it is possible that some of the difficulty found in tracing out its details may be due to the exaggeration of the designers wishing to display the peculiar sumptuousness given to this part of the attire on ceremonial occasions.

Moreover, if we compare the *lorus* of the diptychs with the dress of some of the officials represented upon the Arch of Constantine, we find them wearing a decoration which leaves no reasonable doubt of its identity with the former, although its shape is in every way simpler and more readily intelligible.

Now my excuse for entering into all these details must be the fact that the three articles of attire of which there is here question are of primary import-

name *trabea* attaches to the two conjointly. However, he quite recognizes the importance and significance of this embroidered band hanging down from the left shoulder, and passing round the neck, and indeed he expressly stipulates for the existence of an unembroidered counterpart to this worn by certain senators and others who had no claim to the triumphal form of the *trabea*. It should be noted that in the example depicted above the band seems to pass over the right shoulder first. In other extant specimens this arrangement is reversed, and it passes first over the left shoulder.

ance in every study of the origin of liturgical vestments. The *tunica*, or under-garment, has become the alb, and has also probably developed in another direction into the dalmatic and tunic worn by the Bishop, as well as by deacon and subdeacon. The *pænula*, or upper-garment, is familiar to us in the chasuble, the Mass-vestment *par excellence*, which in its Greek name at least, φαινόλιον (φαινόλης = *pænula*),



FROM THE ARCH OF CONSTANTINE.

clearly recalls the military cloak of the Romans. Lastly, the *lorus*, or official scarf, is identical, according to the theory here followed, with the archiepiscopal pallium. That it should also in Duchesne's view have another representative in the stole worn by all the superior clergy is no objection to the direct, and so to speak, more legitimate descent of the pallium from the same source. Finally, it may be added for

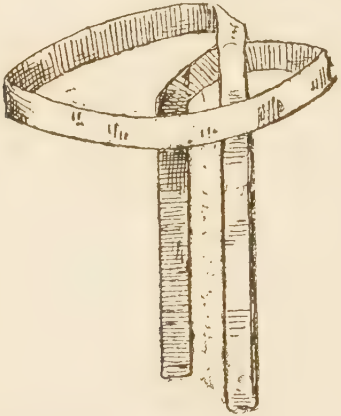
completeness' sake, that even the *mappula circensis*, the rolled-up handkerchief which so many of the diptychs represent the consul as holding in his hand, has its liturgical counterpart in the maniple, formerly a *sudarium*, or napkin, which as a matter of convenience, came, in some intermediate stage of its development, to be permanently attached to the wearer's wrist.

Returning however to our more immediate subject, it should be noted that our information about the earliest use of the pallium comes to us from two different channels—from the monuments of early Christian art and from historical documents. In neither case can we go back with certainty beyond the fifth century, and for indubitable examples of the ecclesiastical use of the pallium preserved in works of art, we are probably not justified in assigning them quite such a high antiquity even as this. It is true that Padre Garrucci[1] believes that he finds representations of the pallium in some glass vessels of the fourth century depicting Popes Callixtus and Marcellinus arrayed in a sort of square tippet covering the shoulders, and fastened with a *fibula* under the breast. But this identification obviously derives all its validity from the theory adopted by him as to the origin of the Archbishop's distinctive ornament, and no resemblance can be traced between this short cloak and the narrow woollen band with which we are now familiar.

For the historical form of the vestment, therefore, the earliest satisfactory example is probably to be found in the celebrated ivory tablet of Treves, a

[1] *Storia dell' Arte Cristiana*, vol. i. pp. 96, seq. and Plate 188.

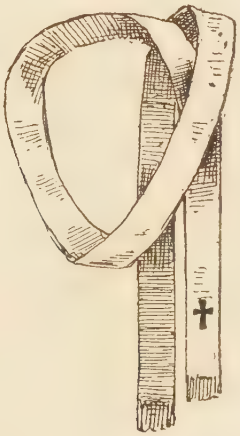
photographic reproduction of which, borrowed from Father Clarke's volume upon the Holy Coat, is prefixed to the present essay. This monument of Christian art in the sixth or seventh century represents, it is supposed, the bringing of the relics of the Passion to Treves at the instance of the Empress St. Helena. Two figures seated side by side in a chariot hold up between them a casket shaped like



PALLIUM IN THE TREVES IVORY.

a reliquary. Their dress is distinguished from that of the other figures in the composition by one notable peculiarity. A narrow band or scarf runs loosely round the neck of each, one end of which falls from the left shoulder, while the other seems to be thrown behind the back. If it were not for the markedly ecclesiastical character of the carving in which we see the head of our Saviour adorned with the nimbus looking out from an upper window, together with

children swinging thuribles, a large cross in the hands of a female figure, and the two gable ends of a church, we might have supposed that the occupants of the chariot were consuls arrayed in the *lorus*. But all the surroundings suggest that we should recognize in these figures two bishops wearing the pallium.[1] Moreover, the band with which they are decorated does not cross *under* the right arm as in the *lorus* of



ROMAN MOSAIC OF THE SEVENTH CENTURY.

the Arch of Constantine. It passes on the contrary over the right shoulder, and thus reproduces exactly

[1] The prominence given to the pallium in this ivory, probably itself the panel of a reliquary, is thought not to be without a special significance, for Treves was for a time a simple bishopric with the privilege of using the pallium. Tradition declared that St. Maternus, the first Bishop of Treves, had received it from St. Peter himself. This is regarded by Mgr. Vespasiani, *De Sacri Pallii Origine*, p. 41, as a singular confirmation of his theory that the pallium was originally the representation of an actual garment worn by St. Peter.

the arrangement of the early Roman pallium, the same in fact which is observed in the Greek Episcopal ὠμοφόριον even to the present day. What makes this example in the Treves ivory so satisfactory is there-

MOSAIC AT CLASSE (RAVENNA).

fore its complete accordance with the undoubted pallia represented in the mosaics of Ravenna belonging to the sixth and seventh centuries, as well as those of St. Agnes outside Rome. The only change that we notice is that the white band in passing from

the right to the left shoulder drops much lower upon the breast than it does in the Treves ivory.

And here our literary records come in to supplement the information which we derive from the monuments of Christian art. John the Deacon, writing in the ninth century, and describing a contemporary portrait of St. Gregory the Great preserved in his own day, thus speaks of the pallium he is wearing: "A narrow pallium falls from the right shoulder and passes to the left, drooping below the breast in a semicircle. One end is thrown back over the left shoulder, the other hangs straight down from the same shoulder, not in the middle of the body, but at the side."[1] Now not only does this description exactly accord with the Ravenna mosaics (see the figure on the opposite page), but it suggests clearly enough the change which had come to pass in the arrangement of the woollen band by the time when John was writing. It is plain that he is surprised that the extremities hang at the side and not in the centre. By the beginning of the tenth century, as indeed we learn from contemporary paintings and illuminations, the pallium had assumed substantially its present shape. It was a collar with a lappet in the centre before and a lappet opposite to it behind. To John's eyes the old arrangement, even now maintained in the palliums of the Greek Church, looked strange and outlandish.

Perhaps the matter can be made clear to a reader who may never have seen a pallium, if he considers it in this way. Take a band of ribbon about ten feet long and pin the middle of it over the right

[1] *Vita S. Gregorii*, bk. iv. c. 84.

shoulder. Then let the two ends be brought one before and one behind to the left shoulder, festooning slightly upon chest and back like the curve of a gentleman's watch chain. There let them cross and fasten them with a pin. This represents, though not quite accurately, the older form of the pallium. The two festoons across the breast and back form together a sort of circular collar, the extremities hang freely from the left shoulder in front and behind. But now take these two pendent extremities after they have crossed, and bring them back, to the middle of the chest and back respectively, thus doubling the left half of the two festoons. Stitch them fast in that position and let the ends fall freely. We have still the same collar, the left half of it of double thickness,[1] but now the extremities hang down in the centre, and as we look either from in front or behind, the ribbon forms roughly the shape of a Y.[2] The transition stage is clearly seen in the annexed fancy portrait

[1] Compare the rubrics for putting on the pallium in the *Cæremoniale*, now hardly intelligible. Durandus and other writers attach a special symbolism to the left side of the pallium being two-fold. It signifies, they say, the contradictions and complexities of the present life, as contrasted with the simplicity of the life to come, typified by the right side.

[2] It will be readily understood that if the collar-part of the pallium is contracted, it must sit tight, and almost square across the shoulders, without any festooning. In this case we have no longer a Y shaped, but a T shaped pallium—a very common form in the middle ages. An intermediate form is seen on pages 16 and 17. The pendent ends are generally long, reaching almost to the ground. Sometimes the crosses on these pallia are very numerous, sometimes they do not appear at all. Probably the woollen pallium was then enclosed in a jewelled silk covering. But the variations of mediæval pallia can best be studied in the plates of Rohault de Fleury's *La Messe*, vols. vii. and viii.

of St. Gregory from Stuttgart. It is in this double **Y** shape that the modern pallium has long been worn. There have been some slight changes during the last thousand years in its length and in the number and colour of the crosses. The material, as we shall see,

MINIATURE OF THE TENTH CENTURY.
(*From a Psalter at Stuttgart.*)

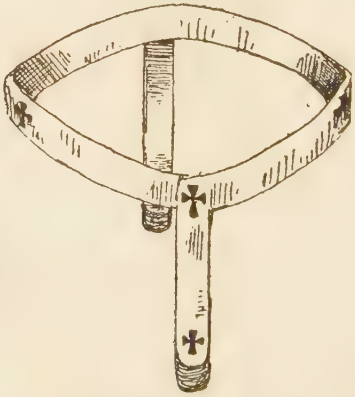
is wool, the crosses, now six in number, are of purple so dark as to be indistinguishable from black. The pallium is fastened[1] with pins in front, behind, and

[1] As a matter of fact there is no fastening; the jewelled pin simply passes through the cross of the pallium in three places where loops or eye-holes are made, without touching the chasuble below.

on the left shoulder. The two ends are slightly

MEDIÆVAL PALLIUM, A.D. 1139.

weighted with little pieces of sheet lead covered with silk, in order that the lappet may hang in its proper



MODERN PALLIUM.

position, since otherwise a sudden movement might flutter and disarrange it.

It may be interesting to give here an illustration of the seal of St. Thomas of Canterbury, in which the Archbishop is represented wearing his pallium. The ornamental appearance of the band is note-

worthy, as well as the absence of crosses, and it is difficult to suppose that the engraver of an official seal can have given us a wholly unfaithful picture of it. Similar characteristics are conspicuous in other pallia of the same epoch—*e.g.* that of Richard of Avranches (1171–89), of Hugh of Rouen (1153), &c.

But we must turn back now and review the first traces left us of the use of the pallium in our historical records. Passing by the instances in which it still retains its classical sense of a large and voluminous garment, the Greek *ἱμάτιον*, which in Tertullian's time seems to have become the distinctive dress of those given up to serious studies, and on this account to have been adopted by the African Christians,[1] we hear of the ecclesiastical pallium for the first time in the West in connection with the Pope Marcus († 351), who is said in the *Liber Pontificalis*, to have bestowed the pallium upon the Bishop of Ostia. Probably this is an allusion which cannot be depended upon, but in the concession of the pallium to St. Cæsarius, Bishop of Arles, by Pope Symmachus (498–514), we strike firmer ground. Shortly afterwards, in the time of Pope Vigilius, Auxanius, one of the successors of Cæsarius, besought the Pontiff that the use of the pallium might also be granted to him. The two extant letters of Vigilius which deal with this petition are important for the understanding of the early history of this *insigne*.[2] Vigilius writes back to Auxanius that he cannot venture upon such a step without consulting the Emperor Justinian. And some time afterwards, when he had obtained the favour by the intercession of Belisarius, he at once wrote off to impress upon Auxanius the duty of thanking Belisarius and of

[1] Cf. Tertullian's treatise, *De Pallio*. M. Abel, in his *Étude sur le Pallium*, suggests pertinently that *lorus*=*ἵμας*=*ἱμάτιον*=pallium.

[2] Why, we may ask, should English writers be debarred from the use of the singular of insignia? In the chief continental languages it seems to be permissible and even common.

offering up prayers for the Emperor and Empress, who had graciously acceded to his wishes in this matter.[1] In the time of St. Gregory we have several examples of the Pope conferring this honour upon different bishops, one memorable case being that of St. Augustine, Archbishop of Canterbury. Sometimes it would seem as if the Pontiff acted solely upon his own responsibility; on other occasions he appeared to think it necessary to obtain the Imperial permission. Duchesne believes that leave was especially needed when the recipient was not a subject of the Greek Empire; but whatever the distinction may have been, he agrees with Thomassinus[2] and others in thinking that the fact of the Emperor's having anything to say to it points significantly to the Imperial origin of the pallium, as a distinction conferred in the first instance by the sovereign upon the Pope himself, and then transmitted by the Pontiff to his representatives.

There seems indeed to be no reasonable ground for rejecting this explanation. As we have already seen, the ecclesiastical pallium bears the closest external resemblance to the *lorus* worn by certain State officials. It is quite natural in itself to suppose that the early Christian Emperors may have wished to bestow some decoration upon the Supreme Head of the Church, and it is not unlikely that the Pope may have been able, with due subordination to the

[1] Migne, *P. L.* lxix. pp. 27, 28. It may be, however, that the Emperor's consent was chiefly required for the "other matters" spoken of in the first letter. The concession of the pallium is clearly made as something given by the Pope, not the Emperor.

[2] *Vetus et nova Ecclesiæ Disciplina*, vol. ii. pp. 369, seq.

Imperial approval, to communicate to others the honour which he had himself received.[1] That a very high significance should afterwards have attached to the conferring of this emblem, not contemplated by those who originally bestowed it, is hardly matter for surprise. On the contrary, it is a fact which meets us repeatedly in the history of Christian symbolism. Indeed, there are probably very few of the material objects or external rites consecrated to the Church's worship, which were consciously selected for the exact purpose which, under the Providence of God, they have now come to serve. There is no need to appeal in this matter to the forged donation of Constantine; and De Marca, who originally maintained the identity of the pallium with the consular *lorus*, would have been the first to repudiate such an argument. But without going back so far as Constantine, the Abbé Duchesne thinks we have reasonable grounds for throwing back the first concession of the pallium to the Popes as early as the beginning of the fifth century. The feebleness of the Imperial rule in Italy, and its collapse before the barbarians in the years that followed, the breach between the Empire and the Church, which lasted until the time when we find Pope Symmachus already conferring the pallium upon Cæsarius of Arles, make

[1] It is worth while to point out that the wearing of "discolora *pallia*" is mentioned as a privilege of certain subordinate officials in the Theodosian code. The statement in the forged donation of Constantine that the Emperor conceded to the Pope the "superhumerale, videlicet lorum, qui imperiale circumdare assolet collum," goes of course for little or nothing, though the forgery may be somewhat older than is generally supposed.

it difficult to find a moment when the Popes could have acquired this distinction if they did not receive it then.

Dismissing, however, the question of origin, and returning once more to the region of historical fact, we find that in the time of St. Gregory the Great the bestowal of the pallium is regarded by him as a matter of grave importance to a degree which it is not now easy to explain. St. Gregory wrote to John, who occupied the see of Ravenna from 575 to 595, rebuking him, on the evidence of certain information which had been laid before him, for having introduced into his Church practices contrary to the humility of the priestly office. Whereas he (John) only had the right to wear the pallium on leaving the sacristy, during the time of Mass, he had contravened this usage, which was general throughout the Church, by wearing it also in the streets on the occasion of the litanies. How could he have ventured to wear this decoration during a penitential season, and to have paraded it in public places even in the midst of an unruly crowd? He could not be ignorant that no Archbishop ever wore the pallium outside of Mass, and indeed he had expressly recognized this in his letters to the Pope, his predecessor. If any special privilege had been accorded to the Church of Ravenna, then let him show his titles; if not, he must conform to the general usage. And why, pray, his anxiety to display the pallium, when there was no ornament that adorned more splendidly the neck of a bishop than the practice of humility? John replied by protestations of submission, assuring the Pope that he was only vested in his pallium by

the senior deacon at the beginning of Mass and during the solemn litanies.[1]

After the death of John, application was made for the pallium by his successor, Marinianus ; Gregory concedes it, and repeats that it ought only to be worn during Mass and four times a year outside the church during the litanies. But the whole business seems to have absorbed a wonderful amount of his time and thoughts. Not content with corresponding directly with the Archbishop of Ravenna, he writes off to the notary, Castorius ; he makes minute inquiries about customs, asks if it is true that the pallium was worn at Ravenna during the litanies in former times, and he cross-questions the deacons, Florentinus and Adeodatus.[2]

In a second letter to the notary Castorius,[3] he returns to the subject. He has heard that at Ravenna, excepting during Lent, the Bishop wore the pallium at all seasons and every day. He is extremely surprised, and asks Castorius to make minute inquiries into the matter. He is to do this without acceptation of persons, having nothing but justice and the fear of God before his eyes. He bids him consult the older men, the archdeacon in particular, who will certainly not perjure himself for the vain-glory of another, and the seniors among the clergy, who had already received Holy Orders before the time of that presumptuous Bishop John. Let them come together before the body of St. Apollinaris, and with their hands upon his tomb, let them declare under oath what the customs were in those days.

[1] Migne, *P.L.* vol. lxxvii. pp. 651, 655 ; Rohault de Fleury, viii. pp. 49, 50. [2] *Ib.* p. 789. [3] *Ib.* p. 825.

He (the Pope) is well aware of the zeal of Castorius, he begs him none the less to be upon his guard, not to allow himself to be led aside from his singleness of purpose, and at the same time to act in such a way that the Church of Ravenna may suffer no injustice, but retain all its ancient privileges. He wishes on the one hand to infringe no established right, but on the other to make no new concessions. It is therefore not merely the evidence of one or two witnesses that he requires, but the testimony of all the oldest and most respected of the clergy. He recommends that no harshness should be shown in any of his proceedings, and ends by setting down a form of oath, a very solemn oath, which names each Person of the Blessed Trinity, and appeals to the sacred relics of St. Apollinaris, to be taken by each witness in giving his evidence.[1]

To this summary of St. Gregory's procedure in the case of the Church of Ravenna, I cannot help adding a few sentences from the letter addressed by him to St. Augustine, the Apostle of Britain, in the year 601. It contains the first concession of the pallium to an English Archbishop and is truly, as a modern writer has well called it,[2] the Charter of the ancient English Hierarchy. The reader will notice how clearly the Pope's language implies that the power to consecrate and to retain jurisdiction over other bishops is bound up with the possession of the pallium.

[1] *Ib.* p. 845.

[2] Father Sydney Smith in his *Alleged Antiquity of Anglicanism*, p. 73 (Catholic Truth Society), who treats very fully and ably the dogmatic significance of the pallium.

Since the new Church of the English has been brought to the grace of Almighty God, through the favour of the same Lord and your labours, we grant you the use of the pallium to be used in it (the English Church) exclusively at the solemn celebration of the Mass; in order that you may ordain for as many places twelve bishops, who shall be subject to your rule, but so that the Bishop of the City of London[1] may in future be consecrated by his own Synod, and receive the pallium of office (*honoris*) from this Holy Apostolic See, to which, by God's ordinance, I minister.

St. Gregory then goes on to arrange for the consecration of an Archbishop of York, "that he also may ordain twelve bishops and enjoy the dignity of a metropolitan; for, if spared, we propose, with the Divine permission, to give him also the pallium," determining, at the same time, that the primacy is to remain with the southern archbishopric.

In view of the great importance which St. Gregory evidently attached to the vestment we are discussing, which is shown not merely in his correspondence with St. Augustine and the Archbishop of Ravenna, but also from many other passages in his letters, it is a little surprising to find that a decree of the Synod of Macon in 581, takes it for granted that every bishop, in Gaul at least, had the right to wear the pallium. Let no bishop, it is there enacted in the Sixth Canon, presume to celebrate Mass without the pallium.[2] In the East of course this was the

[1] St. Gregory seems at the time to have intended that the southern province should take its title from London.

[2] The printed text of the decree as it appears even in Hefele, *Conciliengeschichte*, iii. p. 33, says every *Archbishop*, but Duchesne shows, *Origines*, p. 373, that the manuscript copies have *Bishop*.

privilege of all bishops, and so it still remains until the present day, neither can there be any doubt as to the identity of the Greek *ὠμοφόριον*, which has hardly changed at all from the earliest representations of it found in the mosaics of St. Sophia, with the ancient Latin pallium so minutely described for us by John the Deacon. With regard to the Canon of Macon, however, there is sound reason for supposing[1] that the word pallium may not have the same signification which it bears in the letters of St. Gregory, but may possibly denote another vestment, the episcopal *rationale*, for instance. If we are to believe, as Duchesne gives us good reason for thinking, that the stole itself had no other origin, it does not seem unnatural to suppose that there may have been a certain amount of uncertainty at this early period both in the use of the vestments themselves and in the names by which they were denoted.[2]

But even though we refrain from laying stress, as we might justly do, upon the strong expressions used by St. Gregory, nothing can be clearer or more precise than the ideas about the pallium which we find universally prevailing in the West, a few centuries later. Whether there is really adequate evidence to show that Bishop Maurus of Ravenna in the seventh century had the pallium conceded to him not by the Pope but by the Emperor Constans II., I do not here pretend to inquire. Certain it is that from the time

[1] See Hefele, *Beiträge zur Kirchengeschichte*, ii. p. 217.

[2] That the word *orarium*, which usually means stole, was sometimes employed in the sense of pallium is proved by Duchesne in his notes to the *Liber Pontificalis*, i. p. 481, cf. pp. 354, 472. At an earlier period it seems often to mean no more than handkerchief. In this sense some identify it with the present amice.

of St. Boniface onwards we have abundant proofs in official documents and otherwise, of the agreement of all Christendom not only as to the nature of the pallium itself and the method of obtaining it, but also as to the significance attached to its bestowal. This is not the place to examine these proofs, they may be found set forth with more or less fulness of treatment in Thomassinus,[1] Ruinart,[2] Phillips,[3] &c.

That the pallium was to be obtained only of the Roman Pontiff, the Vicar of Jesus Christ, was acknowledged in the General Synod of the Franks held in 745 under the presidency of St. Boniface,[4] that it symbolized the fulness of the pontifical office is attested by the words of the Eighth General Synod in 870. Pope Nicholas in his celebrated answer to the Bulgarians (866), laid it down that an Archbishop could not lawfully exercise any ecclesiastical function except the celebration of Mass until he had received the pallium, and the Synod of Ravenna a few years later enacted that each Metropolitan should make application to the Holy See for this significant emblem of jurisdiction within three months of his consecration. In view of modern Anglican theories of continuity, it is interesting to note that the French canonist, Thomassinus, writing in the seventeenth century, draws his most conspicuous examples of the dependence upon Rome symbolized by the pallium from the history of the Church, not in his own country, but in England.

[1] *Vetus et Nova Ecclesiæ Disciplina*, vol. ii. bk. ii. c. 53, seq.
[2] In Mabillon, *Ouvrages Posthumes*, vol. ii. pp. 397—554.
[3] *Kirchenrecht*, vol. v. pp. 615—661.
[4] Ep. 105. Cf. Hefele, *Beiträge*, ii. p. 217.

Let me follow his example by setting down here the form of oath taken by an English Archbishop on receiving "the pallium taken from the body of blessed Peter, that is to say, the fulness of the pontifical office."[1]

I, Robert, Archbishop of Canterbury, from this hour forward, will be faithful and obedient to St. Peter, to the Holy Apostolic Roman Church, to my Lord Pope Celestine and his successors canonically entering. I will not join in any counsel or agreement or deed to deprive them of life or limb, or to bring them into captivity. I will disclose to no one any counsel which may have been entrusted to me, whether by themselves or their nuncios, or by letters, in any way which to my knowledge will cause harm. I will give aid, saving my order [*i.e.*, so far as the canons which forbid bloodshed to an ecclesiastic permit], to defend and to maintain against every man the Papacy of the Roman Church and the royalty of St. Peter; when called to a Synod I will come unless hindered by a canonical impediment. I will treat with honour the Legate of the Apostolic See in his coming and returning, and I will help him in his needs. I will visit the thresholds of the Apostles every three years, either in person or by deputy, unless I be absolved by apostolic dispensation. The possessions which appertain to my episcopal board, I will not sell or give away, or pledge, or enfeoff afresh, or alienate in any way without having first consulted the Roman Pontiff. So may God help me and these holy Gospels.

[1] These are the significant words of the form used in delivering it. I borrow the translation which follows from Father Sydney Smith's *Alleged Antiquity of Anglicanism*, p. 9. The original is in Wilkins, vol. ii. p. 199, and was drawn up for Archbishop Winchelsey. This oath is now taken by every bishop at his consecration.

These formulæ do not differ very substantially from those now in use, or indeed from any of which we have record. The central idea prominent in all alike is the avowal that the pallium embodies that plenitude and completion of spiritual powers without which, to quote the words of Pope Innocent III., "the Metropolitan may not lawfully ordain clerics, consecrate bishops, dedicate churches or assume the title of archbishop." The same acknowledgment is made in the formula of application. I give that now actually prescribed by ecclesiastical law:

> I, N., elect of the Church of N., petition urgently, more urgently, most urgently, that there may be conceded and transmitted to me a pallium taken from the body of blessed Peter, in which is the fulness of the pontifical office.

It is not possible, from the defective nature of our records, to pronounce with confidence how the connection between the pallium and the fulness of the pontifical office was first established. There can be no doubt, however, that the development of this idea was considerably influenced by an interesting bit of mediæval symbolism. From an early period the woollen bands which the Pontiff was to confer as a mark of his confidence and affection, were laid for a night upon the tomb of the holy Apostles, previous to being transmitted to their recipients.[1] In this way

[1] The ceremony of "watching the pallia" (*vigilare pallia*) was performed in the middle ages by the Canons of St. Peter's and was observed with considerable solemnity. The bodily comfort of the watchers was not forgotten, and regulations were laid down that they were to be provided with spiced wine (*claretum optimis aromatibus conditum*). See Catalani, *Cæremoniale*, i. p. 243.

they had become, it was considered, truly relics. For one night at least St. Peter had slept under the shelter of this garment. The pallium was now his cloak, and just as Elias, carried up to heaven in the fiery chariot, had left his mantle behind in the hands of his disciple Eliseus, in token of his succession to the powers of the prophetical office, in the same way, the reception of the "pallium taken from the body of blessed Peter" was the indispensable condition for the exercise of the pastoral functions conferred by him to whom it was said: "Feed My lambs, feed My sheep."[1] Moreover, there was an especial appropriateness in the nature of the garment itself. It was woven of pure wool, it was laid upon the shoulders, it was marked with a cross. Even as far back as the days of Isidore of Pelusium in the fifth century, the idea was current in the Eastern Church that the *ὠμοφόριον* betokened the lost sheep which our Saviour carried home upon His shoulders; and by St. Germanus of Constantinople (715), and other writers in East and West, this thought was preserved and developed. But to enter fully into the symbolism elaborated by mediæval writers out of this fruitful theme would require far more space than is at my disposal here. Let me be content to quote a few sentences from the treatment of the subject by Durandus and Pope Innocent III. as a typical example of the ingenuity with which every liturgical detail is made instinct with hidden meanings.[2]

[1] Cf. Cardinal von Geissel, *Schriften und Reden*, vol. i. pp. 105, seq.

[2] Durandus, *Rationale*, bk. iii. c. 17, Innocent III. *De Myst. Missæ*, bk. i. c. 59. Cf. Ruinart, in Mabillon *Ouvrages Posthumes*, vol. ii. and N. de Bralion, *Pallium Archiepiscopale*, p. 71.

The pallium [says Durandus] typifies ecclesiastical discipline, which deals sternly with its rebellious subjects, but affectionately with the humble and repentant. In the wool is symbolized the roughness, while the white colour denotes benignity. And on this account also it is woven of the wool of a sheep which is a gentle animal; whence the Prophet says, "He shall be led as a sheep to the slaughter, and as a lamb before the shearer He shall not open His mouth." . . .

The well-fitting collar which the pallium makes in encircling the shoulders is the fear of the Lord, through which good works are so performed that they neither stray into things that are unlawful, nor grow loose and slack in doing things that are superfluous.

We imagine that the two lappets, one of which hangs behind the back, the other before the breast, denote the cares and troubles of this life whereby the heart and the shoulders of a prelate are often weighed down. Hence it is that the pallium has constantly to be adjusted in front or behind, to the right or to the left, on the breast or round the shoulders in order that it may be understood he is a man who disregarding these distractions enters frequently into himself. . . .

The four purple crosses are the four cardinal virtues, which if they are not purpled in the Blood of Christ are virtues only in name.

The pallium is pierced by three pins, one before the breast, one on the left shoulder, the other behind the back; they are meant to fasten the pallium and the chasuble together. This is the reason why formerly they used to attach little rings to the chasuble through which the pins passed, and in this way the pallium and chasuble were so secured that the pallium could not slip out of place. However we may understand by the three pins, without which the Bishop cannot wear his pallium properly, the virtues of faith, hope, and charity.

Pope Innocent III., whose views may also be found in Durandus, gives a somewhat different explanation of this last point.

> The three pins [he says] denote charity towards our neighbour, the work of the ministry, and the severity of the judgment to come. The first pricks the heart with compassion, the second with fiery zeal, the third with fear. . . . The pin used for this purpose is made of gold, but it is sharp at the lower end and massive at its head, which is also set with a jewel. This means that the good shepherd is afflicted upon earth on account of his sheep, but that he will be rewarded in Heaven with an eternal crown of glory.

A little higher up the same Pontiff says:

> The pallium is made double on the left side to show with what strength of mind the Bishop ought to endure the woes of this life; it is single on the right to indicate how he ought to sigh after the repose of the life to come, according to the words of the Psalmist: "One thing I have asked of the Lord, for this I will beseech Him: that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life."

This differs a little from the symbolism already quoted from Durandus in the note on p. 14. Durandus enforces his own interpretation with the remark: "No pin is used upon the right shoulder, because in the everlasting rest of the blessed there is no prick of affliction."

As for the practices now actually observed in Rome in the preparation of the pallia, we may probably follow with most confidence the account

given by Moroni in the different articles of his *Dizionario*.[1]

Every year, on the feast of St. Agnes, while the choir are singing the antiphon *Stans a dextris ejus agnus nive candidior* in her church in the Via Nomentana outside Rome, two white lambs are offered at the sanctuary rails by the community of Lateran Canons Regular. The lambs are placed upon the altar, blessed, and presented to two canons of St. John Lateran, who take them afterwards in a carriage to the Pope to receive his blessing. They are then given into the care of some religious until the proper time comes for shearing them, when their wool is taken, mixed with other lambswool, and woven into pallia by the Nuns of the Convent of *Torre de' Specchi*. Early on the vigil of SS. Peter and Paul the new pallia are laid upon the altar in the *Confessio* of St. Peter's, the crypt in which reposes the body of the Apostle. By a constitution of Benedict XIV., issued in 1748, they are to be blessed, if possible by the Pope himself, after the Vespers sung on the vigil. When the consecration is completed these are not now, as formerly, taken to the sacristy until wanted, but they are left in a silver-gilt coffer in the closest proximity to the tomb of the Apostles, that the words in the form for conferring the pallium may be verified as literally as possible, *Tradimus tibi pallium de corpore beati Petri sumptum*

[1] Cf. Thalhofer, *Handbuch der Katholischen Liturgik*, vol. i. p. 899. It is curious how utterly inconsistent are the accounts given of these ceremonies by Catholic writers who ought to be well informed. The majority simply copy Catalani, or rather Patricius Piccolomini, upon whom he commented.

—"We confer upon thee the pallium taken from the body of blessed Peter."

Many curious regulations regarding the pallium are to be met with in liturgical writers and in the great canonists.[1]

When the Archbishop's envoy (*mandatarius*) makes application for the pallium, he is to promise to convey it to its destined recipient with the greatest despatch. He engages not to rest for more than one night upon the journey, unless necessity compels him, and he is to take care that in that case the pallium shall be kept in a church, if possible in a Cathedral.

With regard to the use of this vestment, the rule which St. Gregory seems to have had so strongly at heart is now established throughout the Western Church. The Archbishop can never wear his pallium except during solemn High Mass within his own diocese or province, and that only on certain greater festivals (*festa pallii*), which in so far as they are determined by the common law of the Church, are named in the *Pontificale.* The only case in which the pallium can be worn outside the sacred building is when the crowd of worshippers is so great as to necessitate Mass being sung in the open air.

[1] These regulations are given very fully by Mühlbauer (*Decreta Authentica Congregationis SS. Rituum*, vol. ii. pp. 594—617; and Suppl. iii. 15—21), who includes the very few recent decisions which have reference to this subject. Nearly everything which concerns the liturgical aspect of the pallium is given in Catalani's three great commentaries, that on the *Pontificale* (Edit. 1738), vol. i. pp. 235, seq., that on the *Cæremoniale Episcoporum* (Edit. 1744), vol. i. pp. 241, seq., and that on Piccolomini's *Cæremoniale Ecclesiæ Romanæ* (Edit. 1750), i. 343, seq.

The pallium is buried with its possessor after his death, and when it happens that the tomb of an Archbishop is opened, some trace of the pallium is generally found. When the remains of Archbishop Hubert Walter were examined at Canterbury not long since, it was discovered that although the silk vestments in many places remained intact, the texture of the pallium, like all other articles made of wool, had completely disappeared. The pins, however, remained with which the pallium was fastened to the shoulders, as also the little pieces of sheet lead with which, as was said above, the ends of the pallium are usually weighted. On prizing open one of these a few threads of the wool could still be seen, where they had been held fast and preserved from the atmosphere by the lead which surrounded them.

So strict is the rule about the burial of the pallium, that even in the case when an Archbishop is drowned at sea and his body cannot be recovered, it is provided that his pallium is not to be given to his successor, but must be either buried in the ground or burnt. In contrast to this it is supposed to have been the tradition in the early Church of Alexandria, that the newly-elected Patriarch was to take the pallium with his own hands from the neck of his predecessor as the body lay exposed before burial. Very probably the legend is wholly apocryphal. In the case of Lanfranc, to whom Pope Alexander sent two pallia, one which he had worn himself and the other a new one, it would seem that the former was given not for use but merely as a personal *souvenir* which he knew Lanfranc would prize.

There is nothing, therefore, in this last incident to cast doubt upon the distinct statement of the *Pontificale* that the pallium is something personal. The conferring of the garment of St. Peter expresses so personal a relation between the Pope and the Archbishop elected to a particular province, that it is forbidden for one Archbishop even to lend his pallium for the use of a fellow-Archbishop.[1] At the same time the pallium is also bound in a special way to the diocese for which it is conferred. If an Archbishop is translated to a new see, or if a second archbishopric is conferred upon him in addition to the first, he must make application for a second pallium, and then he is to be buried in the pallium which belongs to the province in which he dies. The other must be rolled up and laid under his head.

As was mentioned above, the pallium was only allowed to be worn during High Mass on certain festival-days, but the Pope, of course, has power to make exceptions, and we have record of a few cases in which this has been done. Thus the Patriarch of Constantinople was permitted during the middle ages to wear the pallium at the funeral of the Emperor and at that of other great dignitaries. So again the privilege was given to Hincmar of Rheims by Leo IV., and to Bruno of Cologne, brother of the Emperor Otto the Great, by Agapetus II. to wear the pallium every day while saying Mass. Apart from certain sees with which the distinction is traditional, it still occasionally happens that the pallium is conferred

[1] Phillips, *Vermischte Schriften*, ii. p. 272; Barbosa, *Jus Pontificium Universale*, vol. i. p. 143.

as mark of honour upon simple bishops. Thus, in 1851, it was bestowed by Pius IX. on the Bishop of Marseilles. Again in 1875 the Prince-Bishop of Breslau, Heinrich Förster, received it in commemoration of the jubilee of his priesthood, and still more lately Leo XIII. has given it to Mgr. Faict, the Bishop of Bruges, and Mgr. Senestry, Bishop of Regensburg.

Upon the question of the powers of an Archbishop-elect who has applied for but not received the pallium, very little need be said. That he cannot perform pontifical functions of consecrating, ordaining, &c., is beyond question, although he can delegate others to perform them. It also seems clear that he cannot exercise the jurisdiction which belongs to him precisely as Metropolitan, distinct from that of a simple Bishop. The *Pontificale* expressly permits him to celebrate (High) Mass, but with the curious restriction that he must not wear the sandals.

With the bestowal of the pallium is also bound up the right to use that other external attribute of a Metropolitan—the archiepiscopal cross. "Before receiving the pallium," says the *Pontificale*, "the elect cannot have his cross borne before him, but only afterwards." That this rule has existed at least from the beginning of the twelfth century is proved by a letter of St. Anselm's in which he severely rebukes Samuel, Archbishop of Dublin, for disregarding the prohibition. When an Archbishop, having been invested with the pallium, is in enjoyment of his full powers, his cross is held up before him when he gives his blessing, and in respect for that sacred emblem he remains bareheaded. Thus it happens that a

Bishop in giving his solemn benediction wears his mitre; an Archbishop within his own province does not.

Finally, in bringing this essay to a close may it be permitted me to re-echo the wish expressed by Cardinal Pole in his first pastoral discourse to the flock he had come to shepherd. "Would that ye but knew," he said, in a voice broken with emotion, "Would that ye but knew what God grants you by the mission of this peace!" Yes, the pallium is the true *eirenicon*. Would that the people of England indeed knew the peace that union with Rome would offer them! Would that they would unite their voices in the solemn profession of fealty made by that chief Shepherd, now so auspiciously to be invested in the robe taken from the tomb of blessed Peter!

APPENDIX.

FORM USED BY THE SOVEREIGN PONTIFF IN BLESSING THE PALLIA ON THE VIGIL OF SS. PETER AND PAUL.

(From the Constitution *Rerum Ecclesiasticarum* of Pope Benedict XIV.)

He who performs the ceremony of blessing the Pallia sprinkles them thrice with Holy Water, saying the Antiphon, Asperges, *&c., and thrice fumigates them with incense. Then he says:*

℣. Our help is in the name of the Lord.

℟. Who hath made both heaven and earth.

℣. The Lord be with you.

℟. And with thy spirit.

Let us pray.

O God, the eternal Shepherd of souls, who didst entrust them through Thy Son Jesus Christ under the name of sheep to Blessed Peter the Apostle and his successors to be governed after the pattern of the Good Shepherd, and who didst wish that the title-deeds of the pastoral charge should be signified under the symbols of sacred vestments, pour forth through our ministry upon these pallia taken from the altar of the Blessed Princes of the Apostles the abundant grace of thy blessing ✠ and sanctification ✠ that we may work with full effect the plenitude and excellence of the pastoral office which they mystically represent. Do thou graciously receive the prayers of Our Humility, and grant by the merits and intercession of the same Apostles that whoever by thy favour shall wear them, may understand that he is the shepherd of Thy sheep, and may prove himself to be in deed that which he is designated in name. May he be the follower of that good and great Shepherd who placed upon His shoulders the wandering sheep and restored it to the flock for which He laid down His life. In imitation of Him may he be earnest in his care of the

flock entrusted to him, may he be vigilant, may he take heed that no sheep fall a prey to the ravenous and deceitful wolves. May he be animated with the zeal of discipline, seeking out that which is lost, recovering that which is estranged, tying up that which has broken loose, keeping watch over that which is fat and strong. May he see the cross placed upon his shoulders, which Thy Son having joy set before Him did not hesitate to bear; may he be crucified to the world and the world to him. May he support the yoke of the gospel laid upon his neck, and may it be light and sweet to him; that by his example and his exactness he may run before the rest in the way of Thy commandments. May it be to him a symbol of unity and a badge of perfect communion with the Holy See, may it be the bond of charity, the cord of the Divine inheritance, the pledge of eternal safety, that in the days of the coming revelation of the great God and of Jesus Christ the Prince of shepherds, he may obtain, together with the sheep entrusted to him, the robe of immortality and glory. Through our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

CEREMONY OF CONFERRING THE PALLIUM.

When the Pallium is conferred outside the Court of Rome, it is delivered to the Archbishop Elect with certain solemnities at the conclusion of Mass, either in his Cathedral Church, or in some other of the Province which may be found more convenient. After the Communion of the Celebrant the Pallium is spread out in the middle of the altar, wrapped in a covering of silk, in which also it was conveyed thither. When Mass is over, the Bishop deputed by the Sovereign Pontiff, wearing amice, stole, cope, and mitre, seated before the altar on a faldstool, receives the oath of fealty in the name of the Apostolic See. The Archbishop Elect, in taking the oath, kneels before him clad in all the pontifical vestments, as if he were about to celebrate Mass, with the exception however of the mitre and the gloves. A translation of the form of oath, saving a few clauses added since the thirteenth century, is *given on page 27.*

When the oath has been read through by the Elect, the said Bishop holding open in his lap with both hands the book of the Gospels, the lower part of the book towards the Elect, receives from him the delivery of the oath, and when the Elect still on his knees before him pronounces the words:

So may God help me and these holy Gospels.

Then the Bishop answers:

Thanks be to God.

The oath of fealty having thus been taken, the Bishop rises with his mitre on, lifts the Pallium from the altar, and lays it upon the shoulders of the Elect still kneeling, while he says:

To the honour of Almighty God, the Blessed Mary ever Virgin, and the blessed Apostles Peter and Paul, of our Lord Pope N., and of the holy Roman Church, as well as of the Church of N. which has been entrusted to thee, we deliver to thee the Pallium taken from the body of Blessed Peter in which is the fulness of the pontifical office, together with the name and style of Archbishop, that thou mayst use it within thy own church on the appointed days, which are set down in the privileges granted by the Apostolic See. In the Name of the Fa✠ther, and of the Son ✠, and of the Holy ✠ Ghost.

℟. Amen.

When this has been done the Bishop takes off his mitre and moves to the Gospel corner. Then the Archbishop rises with the Pallium, and ascending to the altar, having his cross before him (if he be in his own church or any other of his diocese or province), but with head uncovered, solemnly blesses the people, saying:

℣. May the name of the Lord be blessed.

℟. Now and for evermore.

℣. Our help is in the name of the Lord.

℟. Who has made Heaven and earth.

May Almighty God bless you, Fa✠ther, Son ✠, and Holy ✠ Ghost.

℟. Amen.

HOW TO LOOK FOR THE TRUE CHURCH

By Monsignor JOHN S. VAUGHAN

It is an exceedingly difficult, nay, an impossible thing to form an accurate estimate of the duration of that life which awaits us beyond the grave. We often speak indeed of an eternity of joy or of pain; of an eternity in heaven or in hell. But what is eternity? Who can measure it? Who can conceive it? What image can we draw of it? What figures will serve to express it? The more we think of it the more the difficulty grows; the more strenuous the efforts we make to grasp it, the more completely it escapes from our view, the more completely it eludes us. We have no means of taking the soundings of that unfathomable sea, or of measuring its limitless length. We may exhaust all numbers; we may call to our aid every symbol and figure, but we can approach no step nearer to the solution of the difficulty than when we started. For it is impossible to measure the measureless, or to fathom the unfathomable. Not merely historic time, but all cosmic and astronomic time is swallowed up in it. The process of star-building; the formation of suns and planets; the gradual unfolding of new constellations and systems, occupying hundreds of millions of years, and æons of ages; are but as tiny drops in the bottomless ocean of eternity.

Yet our eternity depends wholly and entirely upon the present moment—upon the passing hour—which we call life. What each individual shall be; whether happy or miserable throughout the limitless durations of the future, must be determined practically by himself, and by no other. Heaven and hell are quivering in the balance. "Life and death are before him, that which he chooses,

he shall have." Now, can we conceive anything more important, or of greater concern and interest, than to secure eternal happiness; and to secure it at any price? Is there any possible subject that so presses for a practical and immediate solution as the question—"Am I on the right path?" "Does the road I am following lead to eternal life, or is it conducting me to everlasting death?"

That multitudes miss their way and are lost irrecoverably, is not only probable, but is absolutely certain, for "many are called but few are chosen." And the same appalling fate may overtake any one of us, should we grow careless or indifferent.

The importance of following the right path is so great that Christ did not hesitate to come down upon earth, in human form, to point it out Himself. He made known the way. In the plenitude of His divine power He laid down the conditions, and stated precisely *on what terms* we were to receive the promise of eternal happiness with Himself.

He established a Church, a living organism, which was to remain for ever and to teach us all necessary truths. Observe, I say to *teach*, not to discuss, not to dispute, not to argue, but to teach; to teach dogmatically, authoritatively; by His express command, and in His name; "Who heareth you, heareth Me." In fact, in view of the absolute importance of the subject, He determined to teach us Himself, if not always directly and with His own ips, at least in and through His Church, as through a divinely constituted channel; remaining with her always for that specific purpose. "Behold I am with you all days, even unto the consummation of the world."

This Church was commanded to teach the truths He had enunciated and laid down, just these and no others. She was ordered to teach all nations, and all persons were made *de jure* her subjects; and everyone so addressed was bound to listen, to accept, and to obey. "Go and teach all nations, and whosoever believeth and is baptized, shall be saved; and"—note well the words that follow—"whosoever believeth not shall be condemned."

Eternal life, then, is here made dependent upon believing what is taught—believing Christ's message, and, of course, putting it into practice. But now comes the crucial point. What is Christ's message, and who is Christ's messenger? Who is he that holds the divine commis-

sion? It will never do to accept the first person that chances to present himself. It will not save us to listen to Wesley, or to the Archbishop of Canterbury, or to General Booth, or to any man however great and good, unless he be in very truth the duly appointed and properly accredited messenger of God, and is really teaching all that Christ taught, and nothing that He did not teach.

And mark, on the due acceptance of the message our very salvation depends. Again, therefore, we ask: Who is Christ's messenger? Which of the many claimants, ancient and modern, old and young, is the true one? It is undoubtedly a matter of supreme importance to determine which of the many claimants is the one who has been entrusted with so solemn and so tremendous a responsibility.

Is this difficult? I must make a distinction. It is perfectly easy if only we will start by removing the obstacles; but it is impossible if we deliberately allow these obstacles to remain and blind our mental vision.

My purpose in this paper is to point out some of the chief obstacles; and to clear the ground, as it were, in preparation for a more complete and fundamental examination.

(A) One of the chief obstacles to a fair and impartial examination arises from prejudice and bias. Men set out on their journey of enquiry with minds full of suspicion, mistrust, and dislike. They have, from their earliest infancy, breathed an atmosphere of hostility to the Catholic Church. She has been the bogey and the *bête noire* of their whole lives. The whole current of opinion in which they move is antagonistic to the Church of Rome. Few can realize the influence of education, and the incalculable power over the mind of hostile opinions, imbibed from infancy through every pore and never contradicted. Consider the English language in which a man learns both to think and to express his thoughts. "For three hundred years and more that tongue has been one vast engine of ceaseless attack upon the Catholic Church: its literature is saturated with a spirit of the most deadly antagonism to that Church, not in the department of theology only, but in the departments of history, and poetry, and travels, and fiction—aye, and the very primers in the hands of the little children. If such be the character of the fountain, what effect may not be

anticipated in those who all their lives long drink of its poisonous streams?" This is the question asked by James Stone, himself a convert from Protestantism, in his book *The Invitation Heeded* (p. 25).

It has been said that love is blind: whether this be so or not, it is quite certain that hate is blind. The hatred and preconceived suspicions of the Jews so blinded their judgement that they could not see the holiness and truthfulness even of Christ. And if men failed to recognize the conspicuous virtues even of God Incarnate, and persecuted Him to the end; can we wonder if they fail in the same way to see the beauty and sanctity and truth of the Bride of Christ, the Church? Hatred and malevolence and dislike blind and deceive us; and, unless we are careful, will deceive us to the end, to our irreparable loss! We must begin by laying aside prejudice and hate.

(B) Another difficulty arises from the fact that many Protestants not only fail to realize the beauty of the Catholic Church, but they have never had it set before them. What they have contemplated all their lives long is not the Church, but mere caricatures designed by its enemies. They look at it not in itself, but through the eyes of its bitterest foes and opponents—hence, through a distorted medium.

You may have noticed the twisted mirrors sometimes hung up and exhibited in fairs and places of amusement. It is quite true that they do indeed reflect the person standing before them—after a fashion. But the image is distorted, misshapen, hideous, disproportioned. The most exquisite of all beauties would be represented as utterly repulsive by such mirrors. The beauty of the Catholic Church suffers a similar treatment at the hands of unscrupulous men. They do not afford an inquirer a fair opportunity of judging, since what they present and label "the Catholic Church" is not the Church at all, but a hideous and revolting caricature of it. For instance, to take somewhat extreme cases. They would persuade men that Catholics pay for the forgiveness of their sins; that they show greater honour to the Blessed Virgin than to Christ; that they call the Pope, God. In these and hundreds of other ways they distort her fair proportions, and strive, often but too successfully, to belittle her in the eyes of those who, did they but see her as she is, would at once place themselves under instruction.

We have a good and up-to-date example in an article written by Miss Lilian C. Morant in the *Nineteenth Century* (December, 1900, p. 824). A more ridiculous travesty of truth it would be hard to discover. We expect vulgar abuse in such papers as *The Rock*, etc.; but that a magazine with the reputation of the *Nineteenth Century* should lend itself to such methods is, indeed, more than we should have expected.

Miss Morant calmly writes that Leo XIII. "has bestowed upon Josef Mayer a pardon, not only for all his own sins, past and present and future, but also, with a truly lavish generosity, for those of all his children." Having elaborated this extraordinary scarecrow from the recesses of her own fertile imagination, she then, of course, proceeds to expatiate on the awful consequences of "being nourished at the bosom of the Roman Church." That is to say, she bedaubs the fair face of the Bride of Christ with dirt and filth, clothes her in repulsive garments of her own manufacture, and then turns round and invites the world to spurn and despise so pitiable an object. Had she been less in a hurry to belittle and to damage the Church, she might have sought instruction of the first Catholic schoolboy and been saved from such folly. So much for her statement. Every schoolboy knows the Pope has no more power to forgive sin, outside of the Sacrament of Penance, than anyone reading this tract. Every child that learns its catechism is aware that neither the Pope nor any other Bishop or Priest can exercise any absolving power over sins not yet committed. Miss Morant is, in reality, referring to a well-recognized form of indulgence. Now an indulgence has nothing whatever to do with sin itself, it does not touch sin properly so called; sin is not even the subject-matter of an indulgence. An indulgence cannot begin to operate at all *until the guilt of sin has ceased to exist—i.e.*, until it has been removed. It affects only the penalty of sin, the punishment due to sin; and even then it remains wholly inoperative until the sin itself has been forgiven. Misrepresentations such as this are difficulties and obstacles.

(c) Other obstacles arise from the sense of fear. Some pusillanimous men are restrained and held back from making a free and earnest inquiry lest they should be convinced of the truth of Catholicity, and obliged to acknowledge that it is the Church of God. Why afraid? Because Protestantism is so much easier, and demands so

much less from them. As Protestants, men enjoy more liberty, more independence.

To enter into the Catholic Church is, no doubt, as converts find out, to enter into the narrow way. There are fasts and abstinences—not marked idly in the prayer-book, but to be really observed—and there is confession;—self-accusation, not to God only, but to His representative also, to a fellow-man. And then there is the strict obligation to hear mass on Sundays and on certain week-days also. The "broad way" of greater freedom and less restraint is so much more comfortable! That may be quite true; the drawback is, that the broad way leads to destruction, and the narrow way to eternal life. "Strive," says Christ, "to enter by the narrow gate."

(D) Then there are fears and anxieties of another kind that also stop people. They ask: "What will the world say; what will all my friends think and do? If I become a Catholic, it will alienate my nearest and dearest." To these difficulties may be added personal loss—the losing of a lucrative position; the giving up of a valuable post; the facing comparative poverty. It is not everyone who has the courage and magnanimity to sell all, and to be stript of all, so as to secure even the pearl of great price—the Truth revealed by Christ. I remember how a certain lady of high rank having been received into the Church, her friends came to her and said that she really ought not to allow her daughter to become a Catholic—and why? Because it would interfere with and blight her matrimonial chances. They put the temporal before the eternal.

That the Catholic Church is the True Church established by Christ is a statement which rests upon the most certain and positive grounds. But my purpose now is to deal simply with the probabilities of the question; to point out certain undeniable facts of history, and to ask what impression these facts are calculated to produce on any honest, dispassionate, and open mind.

(A) The first question it occurs to me to ask is: Is it likely that a Church, such as the Catholic Church, which can trace its origin back, century after century, through a long line of Popes, from Leo and Pius IX. to Peter and Christ Himself, should be wrong—and that the Church of England, or any other Protestant Church, which had no existence till the sixteenth century, should be right.

Is it probable that the Church which was contemporary with Christ; which was one with the Apostles; which was, so to speak, nearest to the source and fountain of all inspiration, should be wrong and mistaken and in error; and that Churches separated from this source by over fifteen hundred years should possess the truth? Or, to put it in another form—Are Churches which started into life a thousand and more years after the time of Christ, more likely to be the Churches of Christ than the Church which has come down in unbroken succession from Him?

(B) Take England itself. Again we ask: Which is more likely to be the true religion—that religion which was brought into England by missionaries from Rome, sent directly by Pope Gregory himself, a religion which gradually penetrated throughout the whole country, and won the hearts of the whole English people; that religion which was openly professed and acknowledged for over a thousand years; that religion which laid the foundations of her greatness, which established her glorious constitution, her form of government, that founded her most famous universities, and built up her most magnificent cathedrals and abbeys? Is that more probably the true religion of Christ, or the religion introduced in the sixteenth century—the Anglican religion that has existed but a paltry three or four hundred years, and which has broken up and divided into hundreds of different sects; which is not united even within its own narrow borders? Whoever heard of High or Low, or Broad or Narrow, as applied to the Church before the sixteenth century?

(C) It would likewise seem to the ordinary intelligent inquirer that the faith which was professed by the whole of Christian Europe for over a thousand years must have been the true faith, as it was then the only form of Christianity. There was then no other. Or shall we adopt the somewhat blasphemous opinion that, though right at first, it afterwards went wrong; erred from the right path? But this cuts the ground from under our feet; for on such an hypothesis what becomes of the promise of Christ? Are we to believe that He cannot keep His word? "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but My words shall never pass away." He promises that the gates of hell, *i.e.*, of error, shall never prevail; that He will abide with His Church Himself for ever; that His Holy Spirit will guard it from all error, and bring to mind all He had taught. Is it likely, nay, is it

conceivable, that His promises should all be thus broken and shattered, and that His Church should have so fallen and corrupted and sunk into error, that the services of Henry VIII. and Martin Luther, and others of a like character, were required to drag her out of the mire, to cleanse and purify her, and "wash her face"? This is what Protestants affirm. Listen to these words from the Homilies of the Church of England. The Homily states that "not only the unlearned and simple, but the learned and wise; not the people only, but the bishops; not the sheep, but the shepherds themselves . . . . fell into the pit of damnable idolatry, in the which all the world, as it were drowned, continued until our age [*i.e.*, the Reformation] by the space of about eight hundred years." To say so is to deny our Lord's own words, and sounds very much like blasphemy.

(D) We may further put it to the impartial inquirer: Does the life and character and moral worth of the Reformers, of those who first introduced Protestantism, render it probable that they were come to purify the Church—they, whose mere touch was defilement? Catholicism was introduced into England by modest, humble, peaceful monks, bereft of all worldly power and physical force—men whose lives were austere, and who practised self-denial, poverty, obedience, chastity, etc., and won men by the beauty and sanctity of their whole character.

But who introduced Protestantism? What were the so-called Reformers like? Consider Henry VIII. who first caused the breach with Rome. What was the source of the quarrel? What caused the breach? Just this: that being a duly married man, he wished to repudiate his own wife, and marry another younger and more attractive woman. The plain facts of history are these: *the English King wanted to break the law of God, and the Pope wanted him to keep it.* That was the little spark whence came the great fire.

William Cobbett, Protestant writer, speaking of his death, refers to Henry VIII. in these words: "Thus expired, in 1547, the most unjust, hard-hearted, meanest, and most sanguinary tyrant that the world had ever beheld, whether Christian or heathen." Is it probable that the Church of which he was the first supreme ruler, and, indeed, the founder and father, is the Church of Christ?

(E) Again, had the Reformers nothing to gain? Were

they actuated by pure zeal, the glory of God, and other disinterested motives?

They included men who had broken their vows, thrown up their most sacred obligations, and who were unprincipled, immoral, proud, contentious, cruel, and unjust.

The thirst for gold and treasure set them on. The altars, shrines, tombs, chapels, churches, monasteries, and cathedrals were stripped to fill their pockets. The silver and gold plate, the precious vases, the jewels and precious stones, all were swallowed by these ravening wolves. Even Henry VIII. himself was at last disgusted at the rapacity of his followers who sought their share of the spoils of the desecrated altars, shrines, and monasteries. When complaining to Cromwell he burst out into anger, exclaiming: "By Our Lady! the cormorants, when they have got the garbage, will they devour the dish?" In this way they sought to wash the face of the Church in England.

(F) Further; the mode in which they sought to impose their novel doctrines is in keeping with the rest. They were not satisfied with teaching, expounding, arguing, exhorting. They knew they could never turn white into black by mere talking. Nor were they satisfied to confine themselves to the writing of tracts and treatises, and attacks and lampoons, though there were plenty of those too. Their arguments were of altogether another kind. They argued with the Church in this country exactly as the Jews argued with the glorious St. Stephen, the deacon, in the first dawn of Christianity. When they could not answer him, they took up stones and stoned him to death. Similarly the Reformers, knowing the position of the Catholic Church to be unassailable, they made use of physical force. Their arguments were fire and sword, fines, dungeons, and the hangman's rope; disembowellings and quarterings, and other refinements of diabolical cruelty and injustice, that make one's blood run cold even to read of—and this by a Church professing liberty of conscience, and the right of each to exercise his private judgement. Which is more likely to be the true Church—a Church introduced by holy, mortified men inured to hardship and to penance by their rule, and following the manner of Christ; or a Church forced upon men under a threat of an agonizing death by the greatest set of rascals that ever lived?

It is no answer to say that Catholic governments have also at times forgotten the suavity of their Divine Founder,

and inflicted physical pain and death. For I am comparing the manner in which Catholicity and Protestantism have been respectively *introduced*, and the methods by which they respectively took possession of the English nation. Yes; compare the *founder* of Protestantism with the *Founder* of Catholicism, and then judge.

Let us now turn to the Holy Scriptures.

Which is most likely to be the true Church,—the Church that has ever watched over, preserved, and safeguarded the Bible, and that has defined and declared exactly of what books and what writings it consists—that is to say, the Catholic Church—or the Church which has been obliged to apply for it and to receive it from the hands of the Catholic Church?

Neither the Anglican nor any other Protestant Church would have it at all, had it not been copied, and guarded, and treasured up, and carefully handed down during many hundred years till they came into existence. Is the Protestant system of treating it, or the Catholic more likely to be the right one? The Catholic Church says, "That is my book; I understand it; I know its meaning; I am its divinely-appointed interpreter. Read it, study it; but if your interpretation does not harmonize with mine, know that you are wrong, you have misunderstood." Such an attitude is quite consonant with a Church which has been told to "Go and teach," and which men have been ordered to hear. But the principle of private judgement does away with the very need of a Church, and uses the Bible *against* the Church. The Protestant system is to leave each man to read and interpret for himself. He is not taught by any authority. He is his own master. He finds what meaning be fancies, or what his ignorance may suggest, and there is no "hearing the Church." There is hearing only his own fallible reason. What is the consequence? The authority of the Scriptures is belittled, scouted, and openly denied; for hundreds of irreconcilable sects all prove from Scripture (to their own satisfaction, at least) their own particular and pet doctrines, which causes many of the more thoughtful to reject the Bible altogether. Which of these two systems of treating the Bible is the more reasonable, the more respectful to God's written word, and which is probably the true one?

Again: which Church is most guided and influenced by

the Scriptures? Where are its enactments most fully carried out? We ask, because the Church which more nearly obeys and listens to the Scriptures, is more likely to be the Church of Christ than any other. We will select a few instances:—

Take the words: "Whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven; and whose sins you shall retain, they are retained." These words, pronounced by our Lord Himself, clearly indicate both the power of absolving from sin, and also the power of withholding forgiveness. Where is this power so fully acknowledged, and accepted and applied as in the Catholic Church? Again, take the following passage from the prophecy of the Prophet Malachias: "From the rising of the sun even to the going down, my name is great among the Gentiles (to the Jews all who were not of their own race were 'Gentiles'), and in *every place* there is sacrifice, and there is offered to my name a clean oblation; for my name is great among the Gentiles, saith the Lord of Hosts" (i. 11). What is this "clean oblation"? It is the precious Body and Blood of Christ in the Eucharistic sacrifice,—it is the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. What is there in the Protestant Church that can be taken as the fulfilment of this prophecy? What is the "sacrifice" and the "clean oblation" offered by Protestantism to the name of God from the rising of the sun to the going down? In the Catholic Church the accomplishment of the prophecy is clear, patent, manifest; but how can the words be made to fit the case of those with whom the mass is a "blasphemous fable"?

A similar argument may be based upon a number of other texts. In the fifth chapter of his Epistle, the Apostle St. James clearly describes the sacrament of Extreme Unction. "Is any man sick amongst you? Let him bring in the priests of the Church and let them (*a*) pray over him, (*b*) anointing him with oil (*c*) in the name of the Lord." Now, what are the effects? So far, we have the outward signs; but what are the inward graces? The Apostle tells us: "And the prayer of faith shall save the sick man; and the Lord shall raise him up; and if he be in sins they shall be forgiven him" (v. 14, 15). It is a ceremony to which is attached certain inward graces—"his sins shall be forgiven."

Who possesses this Sacrament at the present day? Who is there that enters into the room of the dying and regularly and systematically "anoints with oil" those who are in danger of death? Is it the Protestant Church? No! It

is the old Catholic and Apostolic Church which is still the greatest and grandest power in the world. The Anglican Church acknowledges but two sacraments out of the seven. She attaches no importance to Extreme Unction. It is the Catholic Church which has her special ritual for this Sacrament, and which insists on it being always administered in case of grave illness; and which orders her ministers, even with considerable danger to themselves, through contagion, to give it to the dying: and which pays real attention to the inspired words of the Apostle. Put the question to any Protestant Church. Ask if Extreme Unction is a true "Sacrament" with them; and you will find it is not.

Take another text of a somewhat different kind. Our Lord commanded His disciples—in a word, His Church—to go and teach, or, as the original has it, to "make disciples of all nations." "Go and teach all nations." What Church most truly carries out this command? Who has been teaching the world from the beginning? What Church was it that converted and "made disciples" of England itself and won her from Paganism? What Church converted Ireland, Scotland, France, Italy, Germany, Belgium, Norway, Sweden, Spain and Portugal? Was it our neighbour the Anglican Church? Was it any one of the Protestant Churches? It was no other than the Catholic Church. If a Protestant race or nation or country exist to-day, it is one converted originally from Paganism *to Catholicity*; it is one that was, in the first instance, converted by Catholic missionaries, but which afterwards sunk and settled down to the lower and more human level of comfortable Protestantism; and has thrown off the more difficult practices of religion, such as confession, fasting, submission to an infallible authority, and so forth. The question may well be put: Has the Protestant Church, whether Anglican, Lutheran, or any other, carried out the command to teach all nations? If not, it is simply *not* the Church addressed by Christ. Has it since its first rise in the sixteenth century, converted so much as one country or one nation from Paganism to Protestantism? If it has not, then how can it be the Church of Christ; for the Church is especially charged with this duty, and entrusted with this office? On the other hand, if it has converted even so much as one nation from infidelity, I should very much like to know which it is.

I wish now to call attention to another fact which seems to point to the Catholic Church being the true one—and that regards, firstly, the kind of persons who are attracted towards the Church, and, secondly, the kind of persons who find themselves much better out of it. We notice that a large number of persons are seized with admiration for the old Faith; that thousands put themselves under instruction every year, even in England alone. On the other hand, there are some,—exceedingly few, I am glad to say, still there are some we hear of from time to time, who leave the fold of the Catholic Church to become Anglicans, Unitarians, Agnostics, and what not.

Now what do we notice when comparing the one set of persons with the other? The Protestant who becomes a Catholic, as almost an universal rule, has nothing whatever to gain by it, from a temporal point of view. On the contrary, he generally has a great deal to suffer. He has to withstand the full current of popular opinion, which is set dead against the Church in this country. He has to act with the full knowledge that he will wound and offend and alienate his best friends, who will look daggers at him, treat him with coldness, and often throw him off altogether, as though he were a spiritual leper. Frequently his own family practically disown him, and treat him with the greatest harshness and cruelty. Husbands will thrust their wives, and fathers their daughters out of doors, for daring to exercise their private judgement, when that judgement leads them to what they call Popery.

In the case of clergymen, it happens again and again, that to become a Catholic means to lose not only their best friends, and the love and admiration of their congregations, but it means to throw up a fat living, and to face poverty, want, and the loss of all the comforts and elegancies of life. They are either married or not married, but in both cases they suffer. If married, they are generally obliged to take to some secular profession, for which neither their training nor their inclination has, in the least degree, fitted them; and to see their wives and children come down in the world, and perhaps forced to take situations as governesses, or even to go into service. If, on the other hand, they be unmarried, and wish to enter the Catholic ministry, then they have practically to go to school again, to humble themselves and begin their course of philosophy and theology anew; to unlearn a great deal

they once learned, and perhaps to sit among young students half their age, and with half their knowledge and experience. In fact, so great and so many are the difficulties and the hardships they have to contend with, that no one can well doubt their sincerity, their purity of intention, and the disinterestedness of their motives.

It is far indeed from being the refuse and the scum of Protestantism that drift, like flotsam and jetsam, into the Catholic Church. Quite the opposite. It is the nobler, better, and more generously minded, who are ready to sell all they possess in order to purchase the pearl of great price, the Divine Truth as taught by Christ. Their mental as well as their moral qualities are not unfrequently made manifest by the position to which many of their number attain within the Catholic Church. We might instance such persons as Cardinal Manning, Cardinal Newman, and many more, whose noble lives and self-sacrificing conduct sufficiently betoken the stuff of which they were made.

Contrast these with such as leave the Catholic Church, to become members of the Anglican, or other sects. These have everything to gain from a worldly point of view. Consider a Catholic priest who joins a Protestant community. We know cases in which he has left the Church because his drunken and dissolute life was rendering his position intolerable, and because suspension, disgrace, and serious ecclesiastical penalties were actually hanging over his head, and seemed imminent. Or he found the restraints of his office grow irksome; the long hours in the confessional; the tiresome sick calls at night; the inevitable daily reading of the divine office; the restrictions of Lent and Advent; the prohibitions regarding theatres, operas, balls, and other amusements, and a thousand other curtailments of liberty, all became tiresome, annoying, and distressing. True. Now, by becoming a Protestant all these restraints would be removed.

Besides, as a priest he is bound to the celibate life. When a man loses his fervour, and grows cold in the service of God, and thinks of self rather than others, he begins to crave for a wife. Priests of the Catholic Church cannot enter into the marriage state. They are not allowed even to aspire to the ecclesiastical career, unless they are willing to bind themselves by vow to live a celibate life. But the Protestant Church opens out its arms to them;

promises them full freedom to marry whomsoever they like. Thus it happens that here or there a poor, worldly-minded, comfort-seeking, cowardly, weak, and sensuous priest yields to the attraction, apostatizes and goes through the form of marriage. This is so well known, so universally recognized in the Church, that it is always expected as the next step after apostasy; and the expectation is very rarely falsified, though naturally marriage is not the excuse alleged. I might give examples of what I have said, but I forbear. It is enough to ask men to consider for themselves the kind of persons whom the Catholic Church receives into her bosom, and the kind of persons who go out from her. It will convey a very salutary lesson.

Now we will pass to another class of persons, whose judgement, it seems, may very safely be relied upon, and accepted. I mean the sick and the dying. When a man becomes fully conscious that death is at hand; when he realizes that the world is receding, and that the end is near; whatever else he may be, he is generally sincere. The influences of the world, the favour or disfavour of men, are not considerations that weigh upon him. The purely temporal advantages or disadvantages of one line of conduct over another lose all their power to sway his judgement. He already sees, in imagination, the judgement seat of God, and the Judge who will judge him with perfect impartiality: a Judge who is inflexible and omniscient, and who will pass sentence upon every man according to his works. He knows that in a few days, perhaps a few hours, he will be in eternity, and face to face with One who can neither deceive nor be deceived. If ever in his life a man is sincere, honest, and anxious to do what he considers to be to his own safety and advantage, it is then. He is fully aware that heaven or hell must be his eternal portion, and that much depends—I may say that everything depends—upon his dispositions, and upon the sincerity of his desire to satisfy and please God. Consequently, what a man will do under those circumstances will probably be wisely and sincerely done. Now what do we find? Well; we find scores and scores of non-Catholics asking to be received into the Catholic Church in times of sickness, disease, epidemic, and danger, and above all on their deathbeds. Again and again do we hear of people calling and begging for a Catholic priest to baptize them, and hear their confession, and administer the last rites.

Who, on the other hand, ever heard of a practising Catholic, or indeed of any kind of Catholic, asking to be received into the Protestant Church on his deathbed? I have never once heard, or seen, or read of such a thing. Nor can I conceive it as possible. I believe such an experience is wholly unknown and unrecorded. No instance, so far as I can discover, has ever even been alleged. Is there, I wonder, so much as one authenticated case on record?

To me this is, I will not say a proof, for I am not now dealing with proofs, but a most striking sign and symptom of the truth of the Catholic religion. It speaks volumes to anyone who can look upon the matter dispassionately. How can it be explained? I know not any explanation but one, and it is that the Catholic faith is the true one. When does a man judge best? When are his convictions most reliable? Surely it is when two conditions are realized—viz., when he is (firstly) most intensely and acutely in earnest; and (secondly) when he is acting under supernatural and spiritual motives only—untouched by any worldly, earthly, and mundane considerations. When is this? It is, above all, when he lies at the point of death.

I will end by quoting the testimony of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes on the peace and confidence of Catholic deaths. This doctor, who was a member of the Emersonian school of Transcendentalists, writes: "I have seen a good many Roman Catholics on their deathbeds, and it has always appeared to me that they accepted the inevitable with a composure which showed that their belief, whether or not the best to live by, was a better one to die by than most of the creeds which have replaced it" (*Over the Teacups*, pp. 250, ed. 1894).

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A TALE OF CORPUS CHRISTI.

It was the Feast of Corpus Christi. From five o'clock in the morning the streets were full of people, all wending their way to their different churches, while the bells rang out a merry peal from hundreds of steeples and towers, and the deep tones from St. Peter's boomed solemnly above the rest.

Strangely enough, this day in Italy, as in England, is also one devoted to the great races of the year; so that those who cared less for the service of God than for the excitement of the racecourse were equally early on foot or in carriages preparing for the sport.

There was a young carpenter, however, named Thomas, who, though very glad of a day's holiday, was quite determined first to go to Mass, whatever pleasure might come after; and so got up at the sound of the first chimes, and was just preparing to leave the house, when he heard a voice calling him from an upstairs room.

It was the mistress of the house, who, having been ill with fever all night, begged him, when he went out, to call on her grandchild Susan, who lived close by, and ask her to come in and make her a cup of tea, as she felt too poorly to get up. Thomas instantly threw off his coat and hat.

"What are you doing?" exclaimed the old lady.

"I am going to light the fire to boil the kettle and make you some tea!" replied Thomas, smiling.

"Thank you very much," answered she; "but I don't like you to do that. It is very rarely you get a day's holiday, and I should be very sorry to detain you. It is only fair that you should go and enjoy yourself."

"First, I shall do what you want," replied Thomas. "I have never forgotten when I first came to Rome and knocked at your door that cold winter's day how you took me in and gave me a good dinner, though I had not a farthing with which to pay you. Then, thanks to you, I got work, and have done well ever since, without ever being able to reward your charity in any way until now."

So saying, he quickly laid and lit the fire, put on the water to boil, prepared the tea, and took it all up to the poor widow lady, trying to tidy her bed and room at the same time.

"You are a good and kind lad!" she exclaimed, and then added, "What will your companion, Samuel, do to-day, I wonder?"

"I don't know," answered Thomas. "When there is no work to do he rarely stirs out of the house. He hardly ever speaks, and they call him 'Samuel the sulky' in the shop. What a pity it is that he is not a practising Catholic! he has so many good qualities."

"My belief is," replied the widow, "that he has had some deep sorrow or other. It isn't natural that so young a man should be so silent and melancholy. Why don't you try and draw him out, Thomas? you would do him so much good!"

"It will be very difficult, I am afraid, to induce him to budge. But now, if you don't want anything more just now, I will go off to Mass, and then call on Susan, and ask her to come and look after you."

So saying he took his hat and went out of the house. Hardly had he crossed the threshold than he met a number of acquaintances in a large open carriage, who called him loudly, and invited him to join them and to go with them to the races. Poor Thomas! It was a great temptation to him. He had not been in the country for ever so long; the day was beautiful, and, besides, among the company he saw a girl whom he admired very much, and hoped some day to make his wife. Whilst he hesitated, another of the party exclaimed: "Come along, and jump up quickly. I never saw such a fellow as you are! Here is Marietta waiting for you, who came in a moment without any pressing, I assure you!"

Thomas was sorely tempted; yet he had not heard Mass, and knew it was a Day of Obligation. Making a violent struggle over himself, however, his good angel conquered; and simply saying:—

"I am very sorry, but I cannot come," he turned away, amidst the scoffs and jeers of the whole party, while the carriage went on, leaving the poor fellow to go to Mass alone. Yet he felt he had done right, and this thought made him happy. The service was beautiful, and he soon forgot his momentary but keen feelings of disappointment.

Coming back, he called on Susan as he had promised, and told her of her grandmother's illness. He could

not help being struck by the modesty and simplicity of this young girl, and contrasting them with the free and somewhat fast manners and appearance of Marietta, which had shocked him in spite of her beauty, when he had seen her in the carriage. Susan instantly agreed to go to her grandmother, adding: "One of Signor Grazia's daughters will see to my father's dinner."

"But why are the Grazias here?" exclaimed Thomas.

"Because he has lost his place," replied Susan, "though from no fault of his own; and he and his wife and six children are all starving. His old employer died suddenly. The heir has sold up everything and gone to America; and all the workmen, consequently, are dismissed. He is a very proud man, and will not accept anything, nor his wife either; but the children come and have their meals with us. I fear, however, poor Signor Grazia is almost dying of hunger."

On hearing this Thomas left the house quickly, and came back with some bread, coffee, sugar, and other things, and then begged Susan to ask Signora Grazia's acceptance of them. He had earned a few extra francs the past week by working overtime, and meant to have spent them in a present for Marietta; but hearing of his old friend's misery made him decide to make this better use of his money.

A sudden thought also occurred to him. The superintendent of the works at his master's had died the week before, and the place was still vacant.

Could it not be obtained for Signor Grazia? Whilst he was deliberating on the best way of proposing this to him, the poor man himself appeared at the door, looking pale and wan, but resigned. Thomas spoke to him about the situation, and tears came into his eyes.

"Our Lord has heard my prayers!" he exclaimed. "May God bless you for the hope!"

Thomas went home joyfully before he could discover the supplies sent to his wife, and knocking at Samuel's door, begged to be admitted, saying:—

"What are you going to do to-day?"

"Nothing," replied Samuel sadly.

"Nothing!" retorted Thomas: "not enjoy anything on such a glorious holiday as this! I never heard of such a thing! Come along with me into the country, and see the flowers and breathe the fresh air."

Samuel smiled and pointed to a beautiful nosegay which was in the window.

"Where did you get those?" exclaimed Thomas, "and who are they for?"

"For you, if you like, or for your bride, if you have one."

"I have no bride," replied Thomas, laughing, "and if you give them to me I will take them to the church. But now, be reasonable for once in your life. Come out with me. You know how to row. Let's take a boat and go down the river, and eat our dinner on the banks, where we can walk about and spend the day." Samuel consented, and the two friends soon found themselves on the Tiber.

"How I should like to travel!" exclaimed Thomas, after a little while.

"What is the use of wishing for anything in this world?" moodily replied Samuel. "We must accept our fate whatever it may be; and as for wishing for what one can't get, or desiring, as I do, that the past might come back, it's just as foolish as expecting yesterday's sun to shine to-day. A man must work as long as he can, and when his strength is exhausted, lie down and die."

"What a strange view of life you take!" answered Thomas. "Man must work, certainly, but God never prevents our taking innocent rest and pleasure, and our deaths are not like those of brute beasts No, no. Death to us is like lying down to go to sleep in order to wake in the morning, and heaven awaits us, if we have tried to do our duty here below as best we can. Who has put such motions into your head?"

"Well, last Sunday I went to a club of working-men, and they discussed every kind of subject; and one man, who was a good speaker, declared that after death there was nothing, that the soul is annihilated as well as the body, and he half persuaded me to believe him."

"If that were true," answered Thomas, "it would be a pity to remain in this world at all, where there are more sorrows than joys, and more trials than pleasures! But I don't believe that you ever seriously thought anything of the kind. I am convinced that if the most determined atheist tried to persuade you that there was neither God nor devil, heaven nor hell, your

own conscience would protest against such doctrines, even if you could not find words to answer him at once. But that is the worst of your leading such a solitary life and never taking part in any pleasure."

"Well, I'm not the only one," retorted Samuel, smiling. "Why did you not go to the races this morning?"

"What do you know about the races?" replied Thomas. "It was too expensive."

"Nevertheless Susan told me that you had slipped five shillings into poor Signora Grazia's basket of food; and that and the boat we have got now would have been more than enough to take you to the races!"

"The truth is," replied Thomas, getting very red, "that to-day is Corpus Christi. You know it is for us a Feast of Obligation, and if I had gone I should have missed Mass."

"I fancied that was the reason," answered Samuel.

"And I suppose you thought me a great fool for my pains?" retorted Thomas.

"I never said so, or thought so," replied Samuel gravely. "I was watching you from the window, and was curious to see what you would do, for I knew very well what Feast it was. Now, I will tell you frankly that, if you had yielded to the temptation and gone in that carriage, you would have forfeited the very great esteem I have for you."

Thomas was still more surprised at this speech and muttered: "But I thought you were not a Catholic! What do you know about our Feasts?"

"I know a great deal more than you fancy, for I was

brought up a good Catholic. Every year on Corpus Christi I used to buy a beautiful nosegay for my poor dear Mary to take to the church, so that when you said you would do the same, you can't think how pleased I was!"

"But who is the Mary of whom you speak so tenderly?"

"She was my dear young wife, whom you are very like, strange to say. She died ten years ago, and was the comfort and joy of my life. Oh! if you only knew how good she was, and how she bore all my roughness and bad temper without a word! I don't know what has led me to speak about her—I never do; but if ever any one wants a word of comfort it is I. My life is so terrible sad and lonely since she was taken from me! Then, that is not all,—she left me a little girl, also called Mary—such a darling! and so pure and good. After her mother's death she was my one consolation. Well, she caught the fever, lingered a few weeks, and then died too, in spite of all my love and all my care; and I was left bitterly alone and desolate – abandoned by all, and only praying that my last hour might come quickly too, to put an end to my misery. But no. I live on, only to suffer!"

"Take courage, dear Samuel!" exclaimed Thomas, "and believe that brighter days are in store for you, and that Our Lord does not send such sorrows without a merciful purpose. Come with me to church as you did before: there you will find comfort and strength. The thought that you will meet those you love in Paradise will stimulate you to be a good Christian, and

use every means to become one. Do come this evening to church with me!"

"I have given up going to church," replied Samuel sadly. "I cannot see why God took all happiness away from me—I wasn't worse than other men!"

"Only come," entreated Thomas once more. "You will be certain to hear something which will comfort and help you. I am sure if your poor wife were alive you would go with her, and who knows whether she is not watching you now, and praying for you that you may follow her good example?"

"Well, well," replied Samuel; and Thomas, feeling it would be unwise to say more at that moment, rowed the boat into a little harbour where they landed After dining they strolled about in the woods talking of various things, Samuel appearing as if his heart were already lighter for having confided his sorrow to his young friend.

Towards evening they returned home, where Susan and her grandmother had prepared a nice supper for them, which they were quite prepared to enjoy. Thomas's thoughts, however, flew back to Marietta, and he began wondering if she had returned from the races. All of a sudden he asked Susan if she had seen Marietta lately.

Susan coloured a little, but then said "No, I have not been to her house for some little time, for my father disapproved of my going."

"But why?" asked Thomas rather anxiously.

"Because—well, she kept company with some young men who were rather of doubtful character. It is a

great pity she is so giddy, for there is so much good in her! But since her mother's death she has hardly ever been to her religious duties—and then she is pretty, and naturally likes to be told so, and these men flatter and spoil her."

Thomas sighed, and could not help contrasting Susan's quiet, modest ways, and her excuses for her former friend, with Marietta's bold manner when he last saw her, when he remembered that she had ridiculed Susan's dress and "prudish" fashions. But he said nothing more, and in a few minutes, looking at the clock, exclaimed: "Dear me! it is time to go to church. I had no idea it was so late."

"I am afraid you must go alone," replied Susan's grandmother, "for I am not well enough to stir, and I want Susan to help me back to bed."

Samuel, smiling, rose and wishing them good-night followed Thomas.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the old lady. "Is it possible that Samuel is going to church! Well done, Thomas! See what it is for a man to keep good company!"

The two men went on in silence towards the church, but as they drew near the door Thomas grasped his friend's hand.

"Thank God you have come! Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament will be sure to hear and comfort you."

At first Samuel, seeing Thomas's emotion, was inclined to look upon him as a religious maniac. But when he had been a few minutes in church he was

arrested by the voice of the preacher. He was an old man, but yet full of vigour; and was speaking in simple but moving terms of the tender love of Our Lord in the Blessed Eucharist: of His compassion for all who were burdened and heavy-laden of His sympathy in all our sorrows: of His continual presence on our altars: and as he spoke Samuel's heart softened, the scales of unbelief fell from his eyes, and he began to realize once more the sweetness of his childhood's faith.

Thomas's whole heart was full of his friend's conversion, and he prayed for it with greater earnestness than he had ever done before, especially at the moment of Benediction. There was a beautiful procession, and the only thing which distracted him a little was the presence of a young man who had been sitting near him during the sermon, and whom he felt as if he had seen before, though he could not recollect where. The more he looked at him, the more he was struck by his likeness to his father also. They walked together in the procession, and once the stranger turned his eyes towards him and seemed equally startled. But when they all knelt for the Benediction, Thomas thought only of Samuel, and he was delighted to see his friend beside him with a face so changed and softened, and with so reverent a look at the Tabernacle, that he felt as if his prayers had indeed been answered. The service over, Thomas heard himself called, and going towards the sacristy, met one of the priests, who gave him a little commission to do for him, and then said:—

"Who was that man kneeling by you just now?"

Thomas gave Samuel's name, and added:—

"Poor fellow! He has had great sorrows, and been in such despair that he has given up practising his religion. Would you see him, Father? I feel sure you would comfort and do him good."

"Send him to me in the sacristy," replied the priest; and Thomas, feigning to have some business there too, persuaded Samuel to accompany him. The kind and cordial manner of the good priest, to whom he introduced him, won Samuel at once, and he willingly accepted the Father's invitation to come with him into the presbytery while waiting for Thomas's return after executing his commission.

What passed during that short half-hour we do not know, except that, before long, Samuel had opened all his heart to his sympathizing listener, who knew how to combine the tenderest compassion with the wisest counsel.

Thomas, in the meanwhile, had done his commission, and was returning through the church, when he saw the man whose face had made such an impression upon him during the service. He was still praying, and tears were coursing one another down his cheeks. Anxious to comfort him, Thomas drew near as he rose from his knees, and made some trifling remark upon the changes in the church.

"I am afraid I know nothing about them," replied the man sadly. "I have only been back from Australia about a week, and am counting the days till I can return there."

"But," exclaimed Thomas, "you could not have had time to see your friends!"

"I can find neither friends nor relations," answered the stranger. "The house where I lived is pulled down. No one seems to know anything about my family. All I have found is my poor mother's grave! I had a brother called Thomas, and a sister Catherine, who is married; but——"

"What is your surname?" exclaimed Thomas, much agitated.

"Carter," replied the man.

"But that is my name, too!" he answered. "Can you be our long-lost brother Richard?"

The recognition was instantaneous; and when they were a little more composed, Thomas exclaimed:—

"But why on earth did you not write?"

"I wrote again and again," replied his brother, "but never got any answer. God knows what happened to my letters! At last I could stand it no longer, and, having made a good bit of money, I determined to come home and see what had become of you all. My poor dear mother! If I could only have found her alive! What did she think when you received no line from me?"

"She thought you were dead," replied Thomas sadly. "She would often say, 'I know my boy would have written to me if he were alive!' So she never doubted your love, dear Richard, and you must comfort yourself with the thought that now she knows all."

So saying he led his brother to his home, and great was the joy of the good widow lady and Susan at this happy meeting. Then, all of a sudden, Thomas re-

membered Samuel, and was going back for him, when Susan said :—

"Oh, Samuel came in before you did, and went straight to his room." Thomas knocked at the door, and was surprised at the change in his friend's face, which had a tenderness and a calmness about it which he had never seen before. He told him his good news, and Samuel at once volunteered to come down and share in his friend's joy. All his old surliness was gone, and it was with real heartiness and pleasure that he grasped the hand of the stranger and congratulated him on having found so good a brother.

But the startling events of the day were not yet over. A little later a neighbour came in and announced that the carriage in which Marietta and her gay friends had gone to the races that morning had been upset—that all the party had been thrown out and hurt, and that Marietta herself had been carried to the nearest hospital. Samuel looked at Thomas with an expression that could not be misunderstood.

"Thank God and your Guardian Angel," he said, "for helping you to resist that temptation. See—if you had gone, not only you might have been badly hurt, but you would not have found your brother; and you would not have rescued a sulky old fellow like me from the depths of despair."

We have little to add to this true story. Thomas married Susan, and Samuel, after a time, became a Jesuit lay-brother. But he always attributed all his future happiness to the brave Catholic spirit which Thomas had shown on that Corpus Christi morning, and which God had so marvellously rewarded.

THE DROWNING GIRL.

A YOUNG gentleman of eighteen was one day returning from Guy's Hospital, where he was attending lectures with a view to entering the medical profession, when, after passing one of the bridges over the Thames on his way home, he thought he heard a splash and a cry. Retracing his steps hastily, he saw what he thought in the dusk was a man in the water, and rapidly plunging into the stream swam to his rescue. On coming closer, however, he saw that it was a woman; her hat had fallen off and she was struggling to save herself, but only making her rescue more hopeless by her efforts. With the utmost difficulty he got his arm around her and swam towards the bank, where an unsympathetic old bargeman finally hitched him out of the water by a boat-hook; but he never lost hold of the poor girl, who on being landed was even more exhausted than himself.

A crowd rapidly gathered round them, and among them a policeman, who seemed to think the circumstances required explanation. The young gentleman only begged him to convey the poor girl at once to the nearest hospital, where he would accompany him and explain all the circumstances to the house surgeon, which was accordingly done. When the usual remedies

had been applied, and the girl, who was not more than seventeen, had recovered consciousness, she burst into tears, and said that she belonged to an old and wealthy family in Kent; that she had fallen in love with a certain gentleman of whom her parents did not approve, and forbade her to meet him. That partly from despair and partly to spite her mother, she had run away and come up to London; but finding herself entirely alone and friendless, and with no money, she had made up her mind to commit suicide. She had, however, bitterly repented of her folly, and implored the young man who had saved her to telegraph to her mother that she was safe, but detained in London for a night, which he did. After a short consultation with the authorities at the hospital, it was agreed that she had better remain there that evening; and that the next morning the young gentleman and his mother would come and fetch her and escort her to her home. This was done, and the whole circumstances were fully explained to the young lady's parents, who could not sufficiently thank her preserver for his courage and kindness.

A strong friendship naturally sprang up between the families, and according to the usual ending in story books, a falling in love and a marriage ought to have been the result. But it was not so. Mr. H—— had other views and higher aims in life. Although he had studied both for the medical profession and subsequently for the bar, to please his elder brother, who, on the death of their father, had taken the management of the family into his own hands, and would

not hear of his brother's following his vocation to the priesthood, Mr. H——'s determination had never wavered.

In time the difficulties were removed, and grace conquered. The young man began his ecclesiastical studies, and in due time was ordained and became a secular priest. This position, however, did not thoroughly satisfy his ardent desires; and after a year or so, he joined a religious order and became a monk in a community which devotes itself to parochial works in a large London district. During all this time he had entirely lost sight of the young lady, had held no communication with the family, and had almost forgotten the circumstances of the case.

One day the lay-brother came to announce to him that a lady and her children were waiting to speak to him in the parlour. Father H—— imagined it must be a mistake, as he knew no one in London at that time, and objected to seeing strangers. But the lay-brother said that the lady insisted on seeing him; so that at last Father H—— went down. No sooner had he entered the room than the lady exclaimed: "Father! do you not know me? Have you altogether forgotten the poor girl whose life you saved?"

She then told him that she had married a Frenchman: that these were her children; and that she had hunted for him for many months, and at last, quite by accident, had heard that he was in this monastery; that she had come to implore him to prepare her and her children for reception into the Church; that ever since her marriage she had quite determined to become a Catho-

lic; and that although her husband was a Protestant, he had no objection whatever to her taking that step; and she wound up by saying: "Then, you see, Father, you will have saved me both body and soul!"

We can easily imagine Father H——'s pleasure at this announcement; and how gladly he began her instruction, and baptized those dear little children into the Church of God.

Some years have now elapsed, during which her fervour and piety had gone on increasing; and now great hopes are entertained of the conversion of the husband. This holy priest may have the supreme joy of feeling that by his heroic act as a lad he has been the means of bringing in a whole family into the household of the Faith.

ALONE IN LONDON.

"It's no use, Father," exclaimed a sobbing woman to a kindly old priest, who was in vain striving to say some words of consolation to her; "I've given up all hope. Since Tim left me I've slaved and slaved to keep the children till I've broken down altogether; and now I'm dying, that's the fact, and what will become of the little ones?"

The question was indeed hard to answer. The room where the poor woman lay—on a wretched bundle of rags—was miserable to the last degree. A bit of old shawl was stuffed into the broken window; no fire was in the grate, and no furniture whatever but a broken chair, and a cracked cup which held some very uninviting food. The woman herself was gasping for breath, and the hectic colour on her worn and haggard face told of a far advanced stage of consumption.

Here was, alas! but too common a story. She had been the daughter of very respectable working people, who had died when she was a child; had been well brought up, and gone to service early as nursery maid. But then, unfortunately, in her daily walks in the park with her charges, she became acquainted with a man who was taken by her nice face and modest manner,

and of whom she had one day accidentally asked the way.

Tim Falconer, for that was his name, was in the police force, and at that time bore a very good character, but he was weak and easily led. Moreover, he was a Protestant, and Mary knew her duty well enough to be aware of the risk she ran, if, as a Catholic, she were to marry one of a different faith. But in the pleasure of meeting him, and having a friend to speak to in a strange place, for she came from the country, she forgot the advice she had received in her convent school, and only thought of the satisfaction of having a "follower" as the other maids had, and one who was tall and good-looking.

So matters went on for a year or more. Then one day Tim asked her to be his wife and she consented, although her conscience pricked her sorely. She had not been to her duties for some little time, as she was afraid to tell the priest what she was thinking of doing, and at last her mistress, who was a devout Catholic, spoke to her about it, and asked her why she no longer saw her at Communion.

Mary coloured and stammered out some excuse as to her not having time to go to confession, but there her mistress stopped her:—

"You know that is not true, Mary," she said gravely. "I would always take the children, or Elizabeth, the housemaid, would, when you wished to go to church, and you never missed going to your duties the first year you came. What has changed you?"

Mary did not dare mention the real reason, and then

suddenly thought it would be as well she should give her mistress warning, as her marriage was to take place very soon.

"I'm thinking of getting settled, ma'am," she answered, after a moment's hesitation. "And I wanted to tell you, so that you might look out for another nurse."

"Settled at your age, Mary!" exclaimed her mistress. "Why, you are not twenty-two, are you? I only hope you have made a wise choice," she added, looking earnestly at Mary's face. "He is a Catholic, I trust?"

"No, ma'am; but I hope he will be some day," answered Mary, with an assumed confidence in the fact which she was very far from feeling.

So, after a few earnest words of warning, and of explanations on Mary's part, her mistress left the nursery with a sad and anxious heart. She was not one of those who are indifferent as to what became of those about her, and she determined to see what their good parish priest could do to stop this mixed marriage. Such marriages often result in loss of faith, and the children are brought up Protestants, in spite of promises to the contrary; and unhappily in this case there were no parents to apply to.

Mary was, as we have said, an orphan; she had been brought up in a convent school, and had no near relations of any kind.

The kind old priest came and heard the story, and had a long and earnest talk with Mary. But it was of no use. She was bent on having her own way, and became only the more hardened in her resolution, from

the consciousness that she was doing wrong, and the pride which forbade her owning it. She made one or two feeble attempts to talk to her lover about the Faith, but he always turned it off with a laugh, and declared it would be time enough to think about religion when he was a little older. So she gave in, and as he never went to any church or chapel, they ended by being married before a registrar, and thus began their married life without the blessing of God or man.

Things went on very well at first. Tim was really fond of her, and for her sake came home early and kept steady and gave up his doubtful associates, at least for a time. But Mary could not feel really happy. It is true she generally went to Mass on a Sunday morning, and sometimes coaxed Tim to go with her; but she had cut herself off from the Sacraments by her own act, and though she tried to drive the thought from her, it came back again and again and with ever-increasing fear, especially when the time drew near for her confinement. She was very dangerously ill then, and in agony of pain and terror implored Tim to fetch the priest, which he reluctantly did. Once more she was reconciled to God, and had the joy of seeing her baby-boy baptized a few hours after his birth, as he was in a very delicate state. Nor did Tim make any objections, for he was terribly afraid his wife would die, and was willing to do anything to satisfy her.

When Mary recovered she was honestly desirous to turn over a new leaf, and keep to her religious duties. But then the anxiety began about her husband. He had

gone back into his old bad set since his wife's illness, and now, to her horror, often came home more or less drunk. By degrees this became known to his superiors, and instead of being promoted, as Mary had hoped, he was warned that unless he kept more steady he would be dismissed from the force. There were days when Tim bitterly repented his folly, and he promised his wife faithfully that he never would drink another drop. But having no religion to help him, and being so easily led, a slight temptation would overcome all his good resolutions. Then another child was born to them, and Mary, who had never been very strong, caught a chill, and was confined for many weeks to her room. Tim found the time dull, and——

But why dwell on the every-day story? The demon of drink, which ruins so many homes in our country, got possession of him at last. He lost his place; he pawned everything in the house to feed this insatiable longing; and finally, unable to bear his wife's misery and just reproaches, deserted her and his children, and left them to starve.

Weak as she was, the mother's love in poor Mary's heart roused her to exert herself beyond her strength in order to support them. And now she had fairly broken down, and the end was at hand; and for ever and for ever the same cry was on her lips, "What will become of the children?"

Out of all this misery one good had arisen. She had thoroughly come back to her childhood's faith; had bitterly repented of the wilfulness which had brought such misery upon her, and was willing to accept all

her sufferings as an expiation for the past. If only she could have been reassured as to the future of her little ones, she felt she could die in peace. But in that poor and crowded district, where she was almost entirely unknown, where could she leave them? To whom could she confide them? The good old priest, it is true, had promised that he would look after them, but he was ill himself, and overwhelmed with work, so it was only now and then that he could find his way to the miserable court where she was dying.

After the priest had left her that evening, having given her all he could, both of temporal help and of spiritual consolation, she called her eldest boy, who was very intelligent for his age, and who had already begun to earn a few coppers by the sale of newspapers and matches, and spoke to him of his little sister—how he must look after her when she was gone, and be a good and loving boy for her sake. She had done her best to teach him his religion, and now made him kneel down by her poor bed and say his "Hail Mary" and promise her always to keep his Faith, and to watch over his little sister.

The poor boy sobbed bitterly as she spoke, but promised all she asked, and that so earnestly, that she was a little comforted. "You will soon have no mother, Charlie, on earth," she added, "but think of your heavenly mother, Mary, who will watch over you if you only keep good and pure. Say every day 'Show thyself a Mother to me,' and always wear her medal round your neck."

These were her last words; the exertion had brought

on a violent fit of coughing in which she broke a blood-vessel, and a very few hours later poor Mary had gone home, and the children were alone in London.

When the poor funeral was over, the question, of course, arose as to what was to become of the little ones.

"I must take 'em to the workhouse, I suppose," said the policemam not unkindly, for he had children of his own, and was heartily sorry for them.

But here Charley spoke up.

"No, sir," he said bravely. "Mother said I was to look after Nellie. I've got work at the newspaper office, and though it isn't much, yet I get odds and ends by running of messages and taking notes, so that I think we can manage pretty well."

"But who will look after Nellie while you are at work?"

"I will, sir," replied a poor but respectable widow woman, who had stood at the door while the policeman and the boy were talking. "I have to stay at home to mind my little grandchild while her mother is at work, and I will see after Nellie too, till she's big enough to go to school."

So the matter was settled; and when the policeman was gone, Charlie hugged his little sister and exclaimed:—

"No, Nellie, as long as I'm alive you shall never go to the House!"

Poor Mary's death had happened luckily in the summer-time, so that the days were long, and warm, and bright, and many a stray sixpence did Charlie earn by

his honest face and civil ways. The people at the newspaper-office soon found they could trust him, and put several little odd jobs in his way. But he never neglected his duty to Nellie. Every morning and evening he heard her say her little prayers, and on Sundays would take her off to church; and though she could not understand much, she was always good and quiet, and loved the lights and the flowers, and the sweet smell of the incense. Then he would take her into the park and show her the ducks and the flowers. Widow Walsh, too, was very kind to the lonely little child, and kept her clean and tidy. How much real charity there is among the poor to one another will never be known till that day when the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed.

All went on well with the children till winter came; but then there was a change. People had gone out of town to their own comfortable country homes. The big houses were mostly shut up, and so everything was dull. Charlie became very anxious, for, do what he would, he could scarcely earn enough to pay the rent of their room and feed Nellie. Widow Walsh had been taken ill suddenly, and had died; and now he had no one he could trust with Nellie while he was out, though the child herself was very good and obedient, and would amuse herself all day with a poor doll or a story-book, and wait patiently till Charlie came to give her her dinner and tea.

Christmas was drawing near, and with it Christmas weather—pleasant and healthy for those who have warm clothes and large fires, and plenty of nourishing

food; but, alas! how bitter for the homeless poor—for the father out of work—for the shivering half-clad children.

Christmas Eve came. It was a dreadful night—the wind blew furiously, and drove the snow into the faces of the foot-passengers. The shop windows were all ablaze with light, and full of lovely toys and tempting cakes and sweets; but they, alas! were for the rich who had money to spend. Our poor Charlie, with a bundle of newspapers under his arm, toiled wearily through the snow which was drifting fast in the street, the cold wind blowing through his old and tattered clothes (for he had bought a new and warm frock for Nellie, and had nothing left for himself), when a kind-looking old gentleman came out of one of the shops.

"*Globe? Pall Mall*, sir?" cried Charlie, thrusting forward one of his papers.

"Yes, I'll take the *Globe*," answered the gentleman, fumbling in his pocket for the penny; but as he put it into the boy's hand, he looked at him pityingly.

"My lad, you're not half clad for a night like this—aren't you cold?"

"Yes, sir," replied poor Charlie, his teeth chattering, "but——"

"But what?" continued the old gentleman, who had been strangely moved by Charlie's face.

"I shouldn't mind the cold, sir, nor anything, if I could sell my papers—for my poor little Nellie's sake!"

"Come along with me," said the gentleman, taking him into a coffee-shop close by; "I should like to hear more about your little Nellie."

So Charlie gladly followed him into the warm comfortable room, where the gentleman ordered him a good bowl of hot soup and bread, and while he was eating it heard his whole story. He took down the lad's name and address, and then, turning to the manager of the coffee-shop, asked her to fill a basket with good things, which he gave to Charlie to take to his sister, whose joy and gratitude may be imagined. Not in vain had he prayed to his heavenly Mother that bitter night for some help for his dearly loved Nellie. Now it had come; and not only that, but he felt he had found a real friend.

And all this time where was Nellie? In the humble little attic where Charlie had left her at dinner-time, the poor little six-year-old child sat and waited, and wondered at his being so late. The fire had gone out, and she was very cold; her little pinched face was framed by a wealth of curling hair, and her soft brown eyes were fixed eagerly on the door.

"I wonder where he is?" she muttered several times, "He promised to bring me a cake to-night, and I'm so cold!"

After thinking for a little while, she seemed to take a sudden resolution, and picking up an old shawl which had been her mother's, she threw it round her, and said to herself, "I'll go and meet Charlie and get my cake!"

Soon those little feet were pattering down the stairs and out into the street. No one saw that baby figure pass out into the black stormy night, save One who was leading her straight to Heaven that Christmas Eve. The child naturally soon grew tired, and just then her

eyes fell on the Catholic church where Charlie used to take her on Sundays, and where, in spite of the storm, people were gathering from the courts and streets for the midnight Mass.

"How bright and warm it looks in there!" Nellie thought, as the doors opened; but she was afraid to go in, and remained outside the door lest she should miss Charlie. She did not think of the snow which was falling on her uncovered head, or heed the numbness which seemed by degrees to creep over her.

"Nellie so cold—so tired!" she murmured drowsily; then, after a moment, "Nellie will go to sleep." Suddenly, remembering her night prayers, she roused herself, and kneeling there, by the church door, with folded hands, said the "Our Father," and "Hail Mary," adding at the end, "Dear Infant Jesus! please take Nellie to heaven, and bring Charlie there too!"

Her prayer finished, Nellie sank back on her bed of snow, and very soon her eyes closed—never more to open again on this weary world!.

Half an hour later, Charlie, with his heavy basket full of good things and a light and joyful heart, was climbing the stairs to the little room, picturing to himself Nellie's delight when the contents of the basket were shown to her.

"Nellie!" he cried out on opening the door, but there was no answer. So Charlie, thinking she had gone to sleep, softly went to the corner where her bed lay, and felt for the little form he had always found there. But only the straw and the cold blanket met his touch.

Hastily striking a light, he looked round the room—but there was no doubt about it—the little bird had flown.

With a cry of despair, Charlie rushed to every room in the house in vain—no one had seen her. One old woman told him that she thought she had heard the poor little darling on the old stairs about an hour before. Charlie felt she must have gone out to meet him, and started as quickly as he could in pursuit. The snow-storm was over, and the stars were beginning to peep out, but Charlie could see no trace of his lost darling.

At last he came to the very church on the steps of which poor little Nellie had lain down to sleep. But the church was dark and deserted now. The worshippers had gone home, and no one had remarked in the angle of the pillars the little dark form, half covered with snow, which lay at their feet. But Charlie saw it at once.

"What's this?" he exclaimed, stooping over it; "Oh, Nellie!"

Was there ever such a cry of anguish as came forth from his very heart in that one word!

To gather his darling in his arms, to chafe her cold hands and breathe on her purple lips, and to carry her home, scarcely seeing the street through his blinding tears, was the work of the next quarter of an hour. Then he borrowed some wood and coal of a neighbour, made a roaring fire, and did all that could be done to restore warmth to those poor little frozen limbs —but it was no use—the child was dead: and with a groan of despair he threw himself on the little

body, and for a time lost all consciousness of his misery.

Christmas morning arose brightly, and, after his morning Masses, the kind old gentleman, whose name was Arkwright, and who had been so strangely interested in the little newspaper boy of the night before, looked at the address he had given him, and determined to hunt him up.

"If his story be true," he said to himself, "I will certainly do something for him."

Accordingly he duly arrived at the court, and inquired of a nice-looking woman he met for "Charlie Falconer."

"Aye, he lives here, but the poor lad is in great trouble, sir," answered the woman; "his little sister is dead, and he's most beside himself, he is!"

"Show me his room," answered the gentleman hastily.

On opening the door a sad sight met his gaze. The dead body of little Nellie had been laid on the poor bed, and stretched on the floor, with her little cold hands in his, poor Charlie lay, half-unconscious. Exposure, and cold, and want had done their work, and he was now in a raging fever. To get a cab and carry him off to the nearest hospital was the only thing to be done, and for many days the boy hovered between life and death.

In the meantime, Mr. Arkwright had seen to the funeral of poor little Nellie, and had inquired into every particular relating to Charlie himself, which fully confirmed the good opinion he had already formed of him.

As soon as his delirium had passed, Mr. Arkwright went to see him every day, and by degrees got him to talk more calmly of his little sister.

"You did your duty nobly by her, my boy," he said, one day, "and fulfilled your promise to your dying mother to the letter. Would you grudge her her happiness now?"

When Charlie was well enough to be moved, Mr. Arkwright took him to see the little grave, and the white cross he had put over it, with the inscription, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

On the boy's recovery Mr. Arkwright sent him to an excellent school, where he did admirably; and after a few years returned to his faithful friend and protector, who gave him a clerkship in his own office, and never had cause to regret his kindness towards the little newspaper boy, whom he would laughingly call "his adopted son." A long and tedious illness was sent to Mr. Arkwright, and Charlie devoted every spare moment after office hours to cheering and nursing him. Thus this good old man realized the truth of Holy Writ: "Cast thy bread upon the running waters, for after a long time thou shalt find it again" (Ecclesiastes, xi., 1-5).

"CONVOCATION" NEVER A CANONICAL SYNOD

BY W. D. GAINSFORD.

I saw the other day in some ecclesiastical newspaper an answer from a prominent High-Church Anglican to the oft-propounded riddle, "Where is the Ecclesia Anglicana Docens?" His solution was simple and emphatic. "Convocation, of course." The gentleman evidently took "Convocation" to be the Ecclesia Anglicana in Synod. My present purpose is to show that "Convocation" never was an ecclesiastical synod, but merely a meeting of the clerical subjects of the crown for civil business.

I shall not stay to consider how far a didactic function of Convocation fits in with His Majesty's Declaration prefixed to the 39 Arts. in the Book of Common Prayer, or with a statute known as 25 Hen. VIII. cap. 19, or with certain canons of 1604, especially No. xii. thereof. My object is only to see whether Convocation ever was, or ever professed to be, a synod of the Catholic Church, or aspired to any spiritual function whatever before the passing of the Act above-named.

"Convocation," as now existing, is defined by the

present Establishment in the 139th Canon of 1604 thus :—

"Whoever shall hereafter affirm that the Sacred "Synod of this nation, in the name of Christ, and by "the King's authority, assembled, is not the true "Church of England by representation, let him be "excommunicated and not restored until he repent "and publicly revoke that his wicked error."

Therefore "Convocation," according to the law of England, is :—

1. A meeting of the Clergy of the Realm.
2. Assembled in the name of Christ.
3. Assembled by the King's authority.

It is worth noting that there is no limitation of the objects of the meeting.

Now, it is a fact that we do find in English mediæval history a series of meetings conforming to these three conditions in a remarkable manner. The meetings begin in or about the year 1214; they assume a regular form and legal recognition about 1282; their sole object for several centuries was the granting of subsidies to the king. They alone were latterly called "Convocations," and were, of course, wholly distinct from Church Synods, which had been universal throughout the whole Church from the beginning.

Until the thirteenth century the King's feudal income supplied his necessities. When that dwindled he was compelled to ask for aid from his subjects; and that necessity obliged him to summon the laity to Parliament and the Clergy to Convocation. Formerly the bishops had occasionally granted aids privately or at their Synods. But the parochial clergy did not appear at the Synods, any more than the commons appeared in the Great Council. Hence new Houses of Parliament, clerical and lay, came to be created at the same time and for the same purpose, *i.e.*, to raise money for the King's wars. "Convocation" was thus convened *by order of the king* "pro nostris negotiis"—very much to the clerical disgust—but no

spiritual matter was mooted therein; it was as purely a secular meeting as a general meeting of the Clergy Mutual Assurance Society is to-day.

The "Synodus" or "Concilium" was, in Catholic days, here as elsewhere, the local Ecclesia Docens. Its functions were wholly spiritual; subject to the Holy See alone, its authority was absolute. And that authority was fully recognised by the civil government. The "Concilium" was called by the Primate, ex proprio motu, was presided over by him —unless the legate of the Holy See were present— and its business was to transact the affairs of the Church. No king, before Henry VIII., ever called, or ordered to be called, or interfered with, a Church Council. Nay, so jealous were the clergy of their privileges, that they fought for a century against the "Præmunientes" Clause, whereby the King required the Archbishop to summon them to "Convocation," protesting that it was "contrary to the custom of the kingdom" that they should be called together at the king's command at all, even for secular business.

As the functions of the "Concilium" were wholly spiritual, so those of the "Convocatio" were wholly secular. I have not found evidence of any spiritual matter dealt with by Convocation previous to 1532.

No doubt, in early times, the words concilium, synodus, convocatio, conventus, are used indiscriminately; nor is it till the fifteenth century that the ecclesiastical and the secular meetings are exclusively designated by the terms "Concilium" and "Convocatio" respectively. Moreover, since the former was summoned by, and the latter through, the Archbishop, and since the two were composed for the main part of the same persons, they were frequently, though by no means invariably, summoned to meet at the same time and place; just as to-day our Boards of Guardians and Rural District Councils, consisting of almost the same individuals, usually meet at the same place and on the same day, although they are distinct

bodies with different functions. This distinction between Synod and Convocation was clearly understood and well brought out by Dr. Wake, subsequently Archbishop of Canterbury, in his notorious controversy with Dr. Atterbury, just two centuries ago. In Wake's *State of the Church*, 1703, page 3, the genesis of Convocation is thus described :—

"King Edward I. . . . fixed at last upon an Establish-
"ment, which has in some sort been continued ever
"since to this very day. The method he resolved
"upon was this : having summoned his parliament
"and issued out his writs, as usual, to the Bishops
"and Prelates to come to it, he inserted a new clause
"into the Bishops' writs, which from the first word
"of it is called the *Præmunientes* clause, by which
"he required them to cite such of their inferior
"clergy to come along with them to parliament as he
"there specified, and thought sufficient to act for,
"that is, in truth to grant him Aids in the name of,
"the whole body of the clergy.

"Here therefore began a *New Assembly*, for I
"cannot properly call it anything else, of the clergy
"of the realm ; a national collection summoned to
"represent the whole body in parliament, and to act
"as the estate of the clergy there. . . . I shall not
"need to say how unwilling the clergy were to be
"drawn into a part of these great councils, or what
"good reason they had for their unwillingness. . . .
"The true cause was, that by coming with the laity
"to parliament, they foresaw they should also be
"taxed with them there ; and be forced to bear as
"great, perhaps a greater, proportion of those bur-
"dens than the laity themselves would do. . . .
"These provincial assemblies of our Bishops and
"clergy, convened for these ends of supplying the
"king's needs, either by confirming what had before
"been conditionally granted in parliament, or by
"granting that here which they refused to do there,
"are what we properly call '*Convocations*' ; and

"which at first differed from the Provincial Councils "not only in the members of which they were com- "posed and in the manner of their call to them, but "especially in the end and purpose for which they "were summoned and the business that was to be "done by them, the one being held for State, the "other for Church affairs. In the one they were "called to act as the ministers of Christ in things "pertaining to the doctrine and worship of the "Church; in the other to treat as members of the "commonwealth. . . . Thus were these State-Con- "ventions of our clergy first settled, and their "assemblies fixed for civil matters as well as "ecclesiastical. . . . The first beginning of this" (contemporaneous meeting of Synod and Convocation) "was owing to the exigencies of the king's "affairs; who, when the clergy were met in council "for the proper business of the Church, began early "to send his commissioners to them, and desire an "aid of them; and which, rather than be obliged "presently to come together again for that end in "Convocation, they were oftentimes content to "grant in council to him. But our Archbishops kept "up the distinction yet longer on the other side; "and either transacted no proper conciliary affairs "in Convocation, or, if they had any such to transact "there, they issued out conciliary letters together "with their Convocation Mandates, and caused their "clergy to meet under a double capacity by a double "call, for the double work that was to be done by "them when they came together. . . . Thus the "case stood when the Act of Submission in the "25th of K. Henry VIII. was passed. Since which "the clergy, being restrained from making any "Canons or Constitutions in their Convocations "without the King's Licence, the power as to this "particular, which was before lodged in the hands "of the Metropolitan, is now put into the hands of "the Prince; who, having summoned them as a

"Convocation for State purposes (as his writ shows), "has it now in his own breast whether he will let "them act at all as a Church-Synod or no. *They are* "*a Convocation by his writ of summons; but a Council* "*properly speaking they are not; nor can they legally* "*act as such, till they have obtained the King's Licence* "*so to do.*" (Italics mine.)

Here I might be content to leave the whole issue I contend for in Dr. Wake's hands, since he thus lays down as undoubted fact the proposition I have engaged to prove; especially that Convocation has no prescriptive right to act as a Church Synod, or for other than state purposes; and that whatever synodical functions it possesses are derived from the Royal licence alone. But I prefer to bring forward the original evidence itself, which compelled even a High Church Tory like Wake to acknowledge the exclusive secular authority and function of Convocation down to the very Act of Submission itself in 1532. But before going into the evidence let us hear Dr. Wake's opinion upon the King's relation to Convocation :—

(p. 8.) "First, then, from what has been said, it is "plain that this Assemby was a Convention of a civil "nature, though composed of ecclesiastical per- "sons. For besides that the other two estates, the "Nobility and the Commons, are merely lay, this "meeting, as I before said, was clearly a part of the "High Court of Parliament, which surely is far from "being an Ecclesiastical Council. Nor is it any "exception against this that possibly ecclesiastical "affairs may sometimes be found to have been trans- "acted in it, and with which the other estates have "not meddled; . . . yet would that only prove that "the Archbishops and Bishops took the opportunity "of their being called together to the Parliament to "transact some affairs among themselves in a con- "ciliary manner; and in that acted not by virtue of "the King's writ, but at the Archbishop's command.

" . . . (p. 9.) Hence we see that the whole direction " of it is seated originally in the King, and entrusted " to his management. It is he who summons it, who " appoints both the time and place of its assembling ; " and when he sees fit, either prorogues it to a " farther season, or wholly dissolves it. Whenever " he pleases he comes and sits in it ; he requires all " the three estates to attend upon him ; commands " their resolutions to be laid before him ; and by his " supreme authority either confirms them into laws, " or utterly disannuls them, as he sees cause to " approve or not of their deliberations. And from " all which the conclusion is plain and certain, that " this Parliamentary Convocation was only part of a " much greater body ; which could establish nothing " by itself, but was to treat and consent with the " other Estates of the realm in Parliament, and to " act in conjunction with them ; and, at last, to be " ruled by the royal authority which called them " together, and without which all their debates were " of no force."

Such was Dr. Wake's notion of Convocation. And let it be borne in mind that in this controversy Wake took what may be called the High Church view. He upheld the authority of both Church and King ; while his opponents, Atterbury especially, held the Low Church, and what we should call the Radical opinion. Hence Wake's view of the purely secular character of Convocation is a controversial weakness ; and becomes for us what lawyers reckon the most reliable of all testimony, the evidence of an untrustworthy witness against interest. Wake wanted to magnify the king's office, and to curry favour at Court, by showing how dependent on the king Church councils had always been. But here history was against him as regarded canonical synods. Hence he was forced to bring out the distinction between Convocation and Synod ; and, that done, to show how Henry VIII. wholly abolished the Eccle-

siastical Synod, and transferred its functions to the purely civil Convocation.

But I am anticipating: let us see what Wake says of the real Synod. (p. 26). "The former" (Convocation) "was wont to be generally called by order "of the King's writ; whereas the other" (provincial council) "was assembled by the sole ecclesiastical "authority of each province" . . . (p. 27). "Whereas "the provincial synod was held by the sole power of "the Metropolitan, the King might sometimes ap- "prove of or advise the calling of it; but I believe it "to be hard to find out any one instance where he "required the archbishop by any royal writ to "assemble such a council." (Strong testimony that, when it comes from the champion of the royal prerogative.) "This was in fact the practice to the very "time of King Henry VIII.; and if we enquire into "the reason of it, we shall thereby meet with a third "difference between the Convocation" (as we now consider it) "and a provincial Synod—viz., That the "former was originally designed for civil purposes; "the latter was principally held for the spiritual "needs and affairs of the church. . . . As for the "proper ecclesiastical Synod of each province, the "business of that was of another nature. To make "Canons and Constitutions for the faith and dis- "cipline of the Church; and to remedy any disorders "which they found to be crept into it. If they were "a body capable of such an act, and that, being met "for other purposes, the King took the opportunity "of demanding money of them, they oftentimes "chose rather to give it there, than by refusing it "to be put to a new charge and trouble of meet- "ing again in Convocation for the doing of it" . . . (p. 28). "The Convocation, being intended to "meddle with the property of the clergy and to "charge the revenues of the Church, it was necessary "that all who were to bear a part in the subsidy "should also give their consent to it. . . . But in the

"Provincial Council the case was very different. "Here the bishops only were, of necessity, to be "summoned. The government of the Church was, "by Divine authority, committed to them. . . . nor "had the clergy learned the New Doctrine of being "treated with an equal right in the Spiritual legisla- "ture with them" . . . (p. 28). "These ecclesiastical "councils, as they never had any relation to a parlia- "ment, but were occasionally" (*i.e.*, as occasion required) "summoned by the Metropolitan, before "the 25th of Henry VIII., whenever he thought it "would be expedient for the Church's service; so I "do not see but that, with the King's authority "testified by his writ to that purpose, the Metro- "politan may still hold his provincial Synod at any "time that he shall think it needful to do so." (From which it would appear that Wake did not consider the Convocation of his own day to be a Canonical Synod, despite the 25 Henry VIII. cap. 19.) . . . "I "shall be glad to know what statute it is that has "abridged the authority of the King and the liberty "of the Church in this particular. Till such be "shown I must conclude that such synods as these, "with the King's concurrence, the Metropolitan may "still hold; and pity it is but that the use of them "should from time to time, as occasion requires, be "restored among us."

When we recall to mind that the 25 Henry VIII. c. 19 was passed for the purpose of enabling that meeting of the clergy, which was summoned by the King for his own business, to transact also the business of that other meeting of the clergy, which was summoned by the archbishop for ecclesiastical business and was not under the King's authority; and when we also recall to mind that Wake was conducting this controversy as champion of the royal prerogative, for which service he was rewarded by the Bishopric of Lincoln four years afterwards, and eventually by the Archbishopric of Canterbury;

when we bear these facts in mind, then Wake's testimony as to the exclusively secular character of convocation, and the manner in which the functions of the real synod had been thrust upon it by Henry VIII., shows the notoriety of these facts to have been too great in his day to be publicly denied or ignored. He was bound to acknowledge them, and explain them away as best he could. (p. 81). "Now this "right" (*i.e.*, that of summoning synods) "our arch-"bishops continued to exercise to the very time of "Henry VIII., in whose reign Warham, Archbishop of "Canterbury, is supposed, by his own mandate, to "have summoned his provincial synod without any "writ from the prince to authorize his so doing; we "are sure the Archbishop of York did so . . . The arch-"bishops did not usually assemble their clergy, even "for ecclesiastical purposes, without making them" (the princes) "first acquainted with it and asking their "leave for it. But this being done, unless the prince "thereupon forbad them to proceed, they went on by "their own authority to summon to their council, and "that, except in the case of convocations, without "any particular precept from the King to warrant "them so to do." . . . (p. 82). "Our Archbishops "still continued, as they had ever done, to the very "last, 25 Henry VIII., to call their own provincial "councils by their own metropolitan authority." . . . (p. 83). "Whereas before the passing of this Act" (25 Hen. VIII. c. 19), "the archbishop of each pro-"vince might by his own ecclesiastical authority have "assembled the synod of his own province without "any commission from the King to do so, he is now "(as I conceive) by the tenor of this act wholly tied "up in this particular to the pleasure of the prince; "so that neither may he summon his clergy in any "wise without the authority of the king's writ, nor "the clergy assemble upon his summons, unless it "shall appear that the archbishop does require them, "not only by virtue of his own authority, but also in "pursuance of the king's command . . ."

Wake thought it clear enough that Convocation was a new institution inaugurated by Edward I., distinct from the ecclesiastical synod, and actually a civil court; and that when, in 1534, ecclesiastical rule was merged in civil rule, such of the functions of the Church-synod as were allowed to survive were transferred by Act of Parliament to Convocation.

But we will look at the facts for ourselves; we will, as far as limited space permits, run our eye over the accounts we possess of our English Church assemblies, ecclesiastical and secular, and see for ourselves whether Wake really was driven by the consensus of all authority to admissions so damaging to his argument as those already quoted at length.

The first English Church Council is thus described by Bede (l. 2, c. 2, A.D. 601): "Augustine, with the "assistance of King Ethelbert, called together to a "conference (colloquium) the bishops or doctors of "the next province of the Britons in a place that is "to-day called Augustine's oak." The meeting of clergy and laity at Canterbury in 605 seems to have been merely for the purpose of witnessing the king's foundation of S. Augustine's monastery of SS. Peter and Paul. But a canonical synod was held the same year in London, of which Bishop Boniface, of Mayence, speaks thus in a letter to Pope Zachary: "A "synod and assembly" . . . (was held) "in Saxony "over sea at London, which was originally founded "and established by the disciples of S. Gregory, "Augustin, Laurence, Justus and Mellitus being the "archbishops." (*Wilkins* i. 29.) No mention of any king here.

The famous Synod of Whitby was not a canonical synod, but a disputation between two theologians before King Oswy. There was no general summons of the Bishops of England or Scotland; and apparently Colman, Agilbert, and Cedd were the only bishops present. The King presided. The *Saxon Chronicle* speaks of it as "Synodus," "Concio," and "Quæstio."

In 673, at Hertford, Theodore of Tarsus "assembled a synod of bishops and many other teachers of "the Church. . . . We met," he himself says, "at a "place called Hertford—myself, Theodore, Bishop of ". . . Canterbury, appointed by the Apostolic See ". . . the Bishop of the East Angles . . . Wilfrid, "Bishop of the Northumbrians . . . Putta, Bishop "of Rochester . . . Eleutherius, Bishop of the "West Saxons, and Winfrid, Bishop of the Mercians " . . . Which definitive judgment of ours I dictated "to be written by Titillus our notary." No mention is made of the king.

In 680 a provincial synod was convened by Archbishop Theodore at Hatfield, of which Bede writes: —"Theodore, Archbishop of the isle of Britain, "being president, and the other the Venerable "Bishops of the isle of Britain sitting with him " . . . we conferred together and expounded the true and orthodox Faith. . . ." (*Bede* iv. 17.) No king's name appears in the record, save as fixing the date.

In 692 Wihtred, King of Kent, "ordered a great "Council to be convened at a place called "Baccanceld . . . to take counsel concerning the "repair of the Churches of God in Kent. Then "the King began to speak, and said . . . 'for I "Wihtred, an earthly king . . . have learned from "my forefathers that a layman has no right to "thrust himself into a Church, nor to interfere in 'any way in anything concerning the Church. . . . "It is for kings to appoint ministers, generals, "courtiers, and judges; but it is for the Archbishop to govern the Church of God, and to "deliberate thereupon, and also to choose and "appoint bishops and abbots and abbesses, and "priests and deacons, and to ordain them and "strengthen them by good precept and example, "that none of God's flock may stray away and "perish.'" (*Chron. Sax. in anno*).

This was not, of course, a Canonical Synod; but was a secular meeting of clergy and laity for the repair of the church buildings.

The Synod of Calchyth in 785 or 787 shows that the precedence of the King's signature to the acts of a Council was a mere matter of etiquette, and signified no more than that the King was a witness. The Papal legates, Gregory and Throphylact, being sent, "vitia non minima ad corrigendum," summoned the Council and presided thereat; yet the King Aelfwald signs first. (*Spelman* i. 291.)

In the Saxon Chronicle, an. 796, we find, "I, "Aethelard, the humble archbishop of Canterbury, "with the unanimous consent of the whole synod ". . . in the name of God and by his awful judgment "I command, as I have received command from "pope Leo, that henceforth no one dare to choose "for themselves lords over God's heritage from "amongst lay men. But as it stands in the rescript "which the Pope has given . . . concerning the "holy monasteries . . . that they should remain "untouched and without any gainsaying. If there "be any man who will not observe the command of "God, and of our Pope, and of us, let him know that "he shall return an account before the tribunal of "God. And I, Aethelard, archbishop, with twelve "bishops and with thirty-three abbots, confirm and "ratify this same with the sign of the Cross of Christ." (*Chron. Sax. an.* 796.)

The above are fair examples of the records we possess of the early Saxon clerical councils, both secular and ecclesiastical. In all these Councils the distinction invariably made between spiritual and secular authority is as remarkable as is the apparent external informality. There is not a single instance of a king summoning or presiding over a canonical synod; but there are many instances of such being called by the primate at the king's desire, and being held in his presence. There is no instance of any

intervention of king or other layman in the discussion or decision of matters spiritual; but there are frequent instances of the king and other laymen signing as witnesses the records of a synod, which they had been present at as spectators. The Saxon Church needed no hardly-wrung charter to make her "free" from regal interference. Saxon kings were indeed "nutritii tui, et reginæ nutrices tuæ."

The external informality sometimes jars against our more mechanical habit. Though no synod is ever held without due summons from the archbishop, and though none but the bishops actually transact the ecclesiastical business thereat, yet the lower orders of clergy and even the principal laity are not only present, but often actually sign the synodal decrees. But the bishops sign, "Ego definiens "subscripsi," the lower clergy and laymen, "Ego "consentiens subscripsi." Moreover, previous to the creation of "Convocation" by Edward I., secular business was often transacted in Synod, when such business arose.

Proceeding to the later Saxon period, the Council of Ensham in 1009 well illustrates how church synod and witenagemote have become confused in the meagre annals that remain to us; though here, luckily, the decrees of each are kept distinct. The record of the Council commences thus :—

"These are the constitutions which the English "Counsellors drew up and published and peremp-"torily decreed to be observed, &c. . . . ."

Here follow twenty-nine decrees, mostly secular, though some enforce the canons of a church synod held at the same time and place.

Thus, the sixth synodal decree runs :—

"Also we most earnestly conjure priests and clerics "to abstain altogether from marriage . . . ; but, "if they will not so observe, let them be utterly "deprived of all honour." (*Spelman's Concil.* i. 526.)

To carry this decree into effect the witenagemote enact :—

"We require and ordain that all ministers of God, "and especially priests, obey God and love chastity, "and so ward off God's anger. Let them know "most certainly that they ought not to have any "consort with a wife. . . . And whoever will not "do this that his order necessitates, let him be "deprived of his rank in the sight of God and man." (*Spelman* i. 514.)

It is not possible here to quote one-tenth part of these Anglo-Saxon records. But their testimony is quite conclusive as to the absolute independence of church synods from all lay interference by king or anyone else. Nay, on the contrary, we continually find, as at Ensham, the lay executive enforcing the decrees of the spiritual council. Of "Convocation," or of any clerical council whatever meeting by or under the king's authority, there is not a trace. No such thing existed.

Few synods were held during the half century preceding the Norman Conquest, and what were held were unimportant.

Spelman speaks of a "Conventus" held at Westminster a few days before Edward the Confessor's death ; but it was merely an assembly of clergy and laity to witness the refoundation of Edward's Abbey, and not a synod.

Coming now to the Norman period, one is reminded of a strange fancy of Protestant historians that the Saxon Church had been insular and practically independent of Rome, and that the Normans introduced and fostered papal authority, in order to establish themselves more firmly on the throne. Nothing could be more untrue. The Saxon and Danish kings, from Ethelbert to Edward, were all conspicuous for their loyalty and devotion to the Holy See ; and conspicuous also, not merely for their non-interference, but for their active enforcement of

ecclesiastical and papal authority in the realm. The action of the Norman kings was notoriously the reverse. Without, indeed, questioning the Papal supremacy—such a barefaced absurdity would have frustrated their purpose—they steadily pushed outwards the boundary line between temporal and spiritual jurisdiction; now falling back before a S. Anselm, a Langton, or a S. Thomas; and then again encroaching by Norman "consuetudines," by "investitures," by Acts of Mortmain, by "premunires," till the English Church was crushed into a fit gobbet for the great gorge of 1533.

The character of the Synods immediately after the Norman Conquest appears from the following extracts :—

"In the ninth year of the glorious king the English "William a council of the whole region of England, "that is, of bishops and abbots, was assembled at "London. . . . Lanfranc, the archbishop of the "holy Church of Canterbury and primate of the "whole island of Britain, summoning and presiding "at the same; sitting with him were" (13 bishops by name—3 not present) ". . . And since for many "years back the custom of holding Councils had "been disused, many decrees were renewed, which "also appear in the old Canons. . . ." (*Wilkins* i. 363, from the Worcester Ep. register.)

Very much like the Saxon Synods so far.

"Lanfranc . . . celebrated divers Councils in "divers places in England; to which at the beck" (ad nutum) "of the sd. Lanfranc there attended "Thomas, Archbishop of York, and the rest of the "bishops of England. Lanfranc held the first "General Council at Winchester, the second in "London, the third at Winchester, the fourth and "fifth at Gloucester. . . ." (*Ex MS. Colt. Dom. A.S.* fol. 14a.)

Coming now to Henry I :—

"A.D. 1102. Concil. Londinense." (*Eadmer* Nov. lib. iii. p. 67.)

"At the same time was celebrated a general "Council of the bishops and abbots of the whole "kingdom in the Church of Blessed Peter . . ." (Westminster Abbey) "over which Council Anselm "the Archbishop of Canterbury presided . . ."

There is no mention of the king; for these were Church synods. But in 1107 a clerical council was called by Henry I., and also presided over by him for three days. But it concerned civil business—or what Henry held to be civil business—his right to "investitures." It was in fact an informal convocation.

Contrast the terms of the two following extracts; firstly, a summons to a synod :—

"A.D. 1126. Concil. Londinense. Ex Sim. Dunelm. "Hist. William archbishop of Canterbury to . . . "By this letter we will to make known to you that "John" (Cremensis) . . . "by order and by our "connivance has arranged to hold a council in London "on the Nativity of Blessed Mary ever Virgin. "Wherefore we command that you come to that "place. . . ." The business was exclusively ecclesiastical.

Secondly, a meeting for secular business :—

A.D. 1127. Concil. Westmonasteriense. Florence of Worcester states that this meeting was summoned and presided over by the Archbishop; but that "Some secular business was transacted thereat. . . . "Therefore the king, who had stayed in London "meanwhile, having heard what was done in the "Council, added his royal authority and gave power "and confirmed the statutes of the Council. . . ." That is to say, the king confirmed the secular business that had been transacted at a church synod, which was not called by his authority, and was therefore in strictness civilly impotent.

A.D. 1164. The celebrated council of Clarendon deserves mention. Matthew Paris says, "In the "presence of King Henry at Clarendon on the 25th

"of January, John of Oxford at the king's command "presiding, there being present also the archbishops, "bishops, abbots, priors, earls, barons and nobles of "the kingdom, there was made a recognition or "record on each side of the customs and liberties of "their ancestors. . . ." This meeting was certainly not a canonical synod. Nor was it strictly a Parliament, or the whole of the clergy would not have preceded the whole of the laity in Matthew's recital; and the priors would not have appeared in it at all. Nevertheless it was summoned by the king and presided over by his clerical delegate. It was in fact not a constitutional assembly of any kind; but a round-table conference in order to arrive at some *modus vivendi* between the civil and ecclesiastical authorities.

That the king claimed no power over the church synod is abundantly evident. "In the same year "(1200) Hubert archbishop of Cant. celebrated the "general council of London at Westminster in spite "of the prohibition of Godfrey Peterson, Earl of "Essex, then chief justiciary of England. In which "Council the said Archbishop promulgated the fol-"lowing decrees. . . ." (*Ex Roger Hoveden in anno.*)

The decrees were exclusively ecclesiastical. Roger's account of a synod in 1175 is quite picturesque:—

"King Henry the father and King Henry the son, "travelling in foreign parts, came to Barfleur, and "there embarking, landed at Portsmouth on Friday, "the 9th of May; and, coming to London, found there "Richard, Archbishop of Canterbury, and his suf-"fragans about to hold a synod."

According to the Anglican theory, here were the bishops caught in the very act of holding a Convocation without the king's authority in his absence. Nevertheless Roger says nothing about Tower or block, but continues: "And so the said Archbishop "held the synod in Westminster, by London, in the "presence of the said kings, and with their assent

"and good will, on (Rogation) Sunday. . . . And in "the presence of the said bishops and abbots" (no archdeacons or proctors admitted) "Richard, Arch- "bishop of Canterbury, presiding (*in eminentiori loco "sedens*) spoke as follows:—'Councils are called "'together in the Church of God, according to the "'ancient custom of the fathers, in order that those "'who are appointed to the higher pastoral charge "'may, by means of rules laid down in common "'council, direct the life of those committed to "'their charge, and with more deliberate censure "'check the enormities that are constantly spring- "'ing up. We, therefore, adhering rather to the "'laws of the orthodox fathers than enacting any "'novelty, have thought it worthy that certain defi- "'nite heads be published by us, which we enjoin "'to be strictly and inviolably observed by all of our "'province. We therefore adjudge all who presume "'to contravene the acts of this holy synod to be "'transgressors of the sacred canons. . . .'" (*Ex reg. Peccham* fol. 175b.)

In 1281 Peccham summoned a synod at Lambeth in these terms:—

"Brother John" (Peccham was a Friar Minor) "to " . . . Since for the manifest necessity of the Church "we intend by God's grace and assistance to hold a "council according to the holy canons, at Lambeth, "in the month of October now instant, we trust to "yr. fraternity, and we strictly command you by yr. "obedience, venerable brothers, that you . . . be "personally present to hold a council there according "to the sacred canons. . . ." (*Ex reg. Peccham* fol. 175b.)

How far this summons was in defiance of the king, rather than by his authority, appears from the following two mandates, which immediately followed the issue of the said writ:—

"Edward, &c. . . . to the Ven. . . . Archbishop "of Canterbury and to all the bishops about to meet in

"the Council shortly to be held at Lambeth, greeting. "We command you that you take heed, according "to the tenure of your baronies which you hold of "us, that you in nowise presume to hold council con- "cerning anything that affects our crown, or touches "our person, or the business of our council; or that "you enact anything therein to the prejudice of our "crown and dignity. I would have you know for "certain that, if you shall so do, we will visit it "heavily upon your baronies" (*lit.*, we will take it out of your baronies). "Witness I myself at Lynd- "hurst 28 day of September in the 9th year of our "reign." (A.D. 1281.)

"Edward . . ." as above. "You are bound to us, "as you know, by the bond of your oath, by which "you owe to us to show all the fidelity you are able "to all matters affecting our crown and royal dignity. "Wherefore we command you, by the faith and "fidelity in which you are bound to us, strenuously "impressing it upon you that you owe the observance "of all the faith and fidelity possible to you, both for "the preservation and for the defence of our rights "and those of our kingdom. Wherefore we com- "mand you by that faith and fidelity whereby you "hold of us, strenuously impressing upon you, "that you take care to put forth all the diligence "you can both for the preservation and for the "defence of our rights and those of our king- "dom. And we strenuously impress upon you "all and each of you, being mindful that you are "under the bond of an oath and in danger of the "forfeiture of the Temporalities, which you hold of "us, that you do not presume to procure or attempt "anything, or even attempt to procure anything of "the kind, or countenance any one desiring to do "anything in the said council against us or against "our rights, to our prejudice or that of our kingdom, "which rights our predecessors the kings of England "and we have been used to exercise by ancient and

"approved custom. But do you hold yourselves "in such manner, as that we may owe you special "commendation rather than on the contrary, which "God forbid, blame." (*T. M., &c., ut supra.*)

I have copied these two mandates at length, for they seem to me full of meaning. In 1281 Edward was in the middle of the Welsh war, and in great strait for money. He had passed his first Mortmain Act six years, and his second two years previously, in order to staunch the leakage of feudal dues out of his coffers into those of the Church. Both Acts had failed. Moreover, his nominee to the primacy, Kilwardby, had been refused by the Holy See, and he was naturally very sore on the subject of "presumption "against his crown and dignity." Small wonder he was nervous, and sent such peevish warnings and threats beforehand to the bishops. But why two documents? Flanagan says that one was sent to the archbishop first, and the other to the synod afterwards. But that could not be so. Both are addressed to the same persons; both bear the same date; both were sent to the archbishop only.

The wording explains. The former notice warns the bishops that they hold baronies liable to forfeiture if they fail in their feudal allegiance. The latter appeals to their consciences to keep the oath by which they had sworn to support the civil government. Is it not obvious that the one was a feudal appeal to the spiritual barons of the realm in "Convocation" assembled; while the other was addressed to the bishops of the Church in canonical synod?

That "Convocation" was at this date a recognised Constitutional assembly, distinguished from the Church synod, as it gradually became during the ensuing century, I do not presume to allege. But the germ of "Convocation" was there; that the clergy had civil rights to exercise and civil duties to be responsible for was tacitly recognized.

Before the Norman Conquest the Church in

England was a distinct *imperium in imperio*. And as such was it recognized by the State. But definition is foreign to the English temperament. An Englishman knows very well what he means, and knows when his neighbours mean the same ; but he is loath to reduce his meaning to words, not so much because his ideas are vague as because they are subtle. It is difficult, if not impossible, to find words fully expressive of the delicate shades of his meaning. The position of the Church in the Commonwealth in Saxon times was well understood, and needed no definition. That the Church was free of the State needed no saying. It was not till the coarse, self-indulgent greed of the Normans had to be reined in by hard verbal limitations, that men had sought to squeeze the liberties of church and people into the inadequate phrases of Magna Carta. The Saxon Church had held her tythes and lands in free almoyne. No temporal due or service was sought from those who served all men in God. But the Norman and Angevin pagans—for such they were, despite a thin Christian lacquer—were as grieved as Judas to see lands, fit to fee knights and men-at-arms, wasted on Mass and antiphon. And since gentlefolk scorned all trades but that of killing each other—stag-hunting for breath between the bouts—and fighting being hungry work and thirsty and needing work of many churls to set straight after it, needs must that yeomen, burgesses, churchmen, and such low folk, not being called of God to serve Him by cracking crowns, should minister the needs of life—and also luxuries—to those who held themselves free of the curse of Adam by following Cain for daily bread. And so came about a feudalistic "House that Jack built." The king dunned his barons, and the baron dunned his vavasours, and the vavasour his knights, and the knight his yeomen ; which last, having nobody to dun, paid nothing. And so the bankruptcy travelled up the steps again to the king,

as in the nursery story. Hence it was no accidental coincidence that the summons of the clergy to Convocation by the "Præmunientes" clause came together with that of the Commons, and especially of the burgesses, to Parliament.

Knights of the shire were first summoned in 1254, burgesses in 1264, and proctors of the beneficed clergy seem to have attended the Convocation in London on S. Hilary's day, 1255-6 (*Hody's Eng. Councils*, 345-6).

Without discussing what immediately caused Henry III. or Simon de Montfort to summon the Commons to Parliament, we may take for granted that the final cause was to extract money; and there can be no doubt the same brought the proctors of the clergy to Convocation. To the ecclesiastical synod they were never summoned.

In 1282 appears the first formal "Breve regium" commanding the Archbishop to summon a formal Convocation :—

"Edward . . . to the Archbishop of Canterbury, "... greeting. Since Llewellyn . . . is disturb- "ing the peace of the kingdom . . . we beseechingly "command you . . . that you summon your suffragans "... to attend with you before us at Northampton "... to hear and do whatever, on behalf of the "Commonwealth, we shall put before you and them "on such matters . . ."

In obeying this command the Archbishop adds his own pitiful whine :—"Since, therefore, we are bound "to obey His Majesty the King, as far as we can "under God . . . we, with grief and reluctance, "deliver the command as strictly as we can, being "thereto bound in obedience, that you take care to "come at the prefixed time and place. . . ." (*Ex reg. Gifford Wighorn*, fol. 153b.)

Evidently the royal command was both new and obnoxious; but Peccham's obedience is sufficient proof that he thought the king within his right as

temporal lord. The clergy, however, took a broader view, and refused to attend a council of clergy at the summons of the civil power, and to an unconsecrated place too. So they never came, and the Archbishop had to summon another Council to the new Temple —the king graciously gave way on the question of consecration—on "Jubilate" Sunday, in these words :

"Brother John to, &c. Since in the Congregation "held at Northampton at the urging of the Lord the "King . . . on account of the absence of the "greatest part of the clergy . . ." (the Council failed) "wherefore we command that you summon "peremptorily . . . our co-bishops . . . and from "each diocese two proctors in the name of the "clergy, &c. . . ." (*Ex reg. Peccham* fol. 83b.)

This Convocation also was adjourned because of the small attendance. However, it met and passed a money grant at Whitsuntide, and then was let go home. The position had now come to this. The king dare not take money from his subjects, *nolentes volentes*, as in the good old days. He must induce them to give it voluntarily—hence his summons to the commons and parochial clergy. And hence, too, their perverse non-attendance ; for, if not there, they could not vote money ; and, though the king dare not take money unvoted, yet neither commons nor clergy were stalwart enough to refuse the king to his face. But Edward I. was not a man to allow business to be shuffled off so. In 1285 came the terrible "Præmunientes Clause." "Rex . . . Cant. Archiep. "—salutem. Since our very just laws, established "by the careful consideration of sacred principles, "teach and decree that what concerns all shall be "approved of all, and evidently implies that common "dangers must be met by remedies provided by all" (circumstances of French war detailed) ". . . we "command you . . . that you attend personally at "Westminster . . . *admonishing* (*præmunientes*) *the "prior and chapter of your church the archdeacon and*

"*all the clergy of your diocese that they the prior and* "*archdeacon in their proper persons and the said chapter* "*by one, and the said clergy by two fit proctors having* "*full and sufficient power from the chapters and clergy* "*themselves, be present together with us, then and there,* "*by every means to discuss decree and carry out with us* "*and the rest of the prelates, nobles and other subjects* "*of our kingdom how to obviate these dangerous and* "*malicious wickednesses. Given at Wengeham on the* "*30th day of September.*" (1295) (*Ex rot. cl.* 23 "*Ed. I.* m. 3 dorso.)

This clause created great alarm and opposition, as well it might, for it fixed the clergy on the horns of a dilemma. If they attended the council they must either vote away their money, or refuse the King to his face. Trever, in his useful little work on *The Convocations*, finds this opposition unaccountable, since "they" (the parochial clergy) "were already admitted into the councils of the church." But such was not the fact. Trevor's difficulty, and that of all Anglicans, arises from the assumption he and they are bound to make that the church was then, as it is now, one of the wheels of the state mechanism. The country parsons were never represented in the Provincial Synods at any time.

That same year (1295) the Archbishop summoned a Synod also to meet at S. Paul's, on S. Hilary's day, 1296 (N.S.), "pro tuitione universalis ecclesiae Anglicanae"; which Synod was adjourned to "Lætare" Sunday. Here again we find a synod held without the King's assent—aye, and much against his will, too; for on the 21st March he issued to the bishops and clergy this prohibition :—

"Edward . . . to the . . . bishops . . . and "clergy, to be assembled in London this coming "Mid-lent, greeting. We forbid to you all and to each "one of you under pain of forfeiture, that none of "you ordain, nor do, nor assent to any ordinance at "the said Council that can turn to our prejudice or

"grievance . . . Given at Sturminster, 21 day of "March, an. 25." (*Spelman* ii. 427.)

A good deal of trouble resulted from this synod. Edward seized and sold the goods of the clergy, and then begged pardon with tears. But the difficulty remained. In 1314 we find the following summons :—

"Walter, Cant. Archiep. . . . We have received "a brief of the Lord the King in these words. ". . . We command your . . . to appear . . . "at Westminster on the morrow of . . . to discuss "with our faithful subjects deputed thereunto ". . . concerning the business of the Commonwealth. "And you shall cause to come" (præm. clause) . . . (*Ex rot. cl.* 7. *Er. MS.* a.)

Against the form of this citation the clergy of the province of Canterbury objected, as follows :—

"Firstly . . . since the church of Canterbury and "the whole church is free and hitherto has been in "enjoyment of such liberty, that the clergy . . . are "not accustomed, nor ought they by right to be "summoned to council by the royal authority."

In 1341, the Parliament passed an ordinance by which it was resolved that the prelates "who hold of "the king by barony, and *ought to come by summons to* "*parliament*, pay the ninth ; and those people of "Holy Church, who hold nothing by barony, and *are* "*not accustomed to be summoned to parliament*, pay the "tenth." The outcome of the struggle was that the lower clergy consented to attend "Convocation" for temporal business only ; and the king, on his part, acquiesced in their refusal to attend Parliament. There was never any question of their attending the provincial synod.

Meanwhile, the writs of summons to Synod and to Convocation respectively acquired a regular form. The former ran much as follows : A.D. 1321. "Walter ". . . archchbp. of Cant. . . . to . . . bp. of . . . "We command you . . . to cite . . . all your co- "bishops . . . to attend . . . in the church of

"S. Paul, &c." (*Wilkins* ii. 507.) The writ summoning Convocation A.D. 1329 ran thus: "Simon "... archbp. of Cant. ... to ... bishop of "London ... We command you, in consequence "of our having received a brief. ... 'Edward, &c., "'to Simon, &c., since we have decided to hold ... "'our parliament at Winchester ... on difficult and "'important matters ... we (Edward) command you "'to make it known to ...' Wherefore we (Simon) "command ... that you summon ... your co-"bishops ... to attend together with us, &c." (*Wilkins* ii. 557.)

Throughout the disputes between King and clergy in the fourteenth century, it is abundantly clear that the latter held Synods for ecclesiastical business not only without the King's summons, but without his permission, and even against his wishes; in fact, without any thought about him whatever. Moreover, the King not only made no objection to such independence, but constantly admitted its legality by his "prohibitions," forbidding the clergy at their coming Synod "to propose or to do anything in the said "Council in derogation or diminution of his royal "dignity and power or of the rights of the Crown." No doubt, as I have already stated, Synod and Convocation were often held together. In 1379, for instance, we find the following account in *Wilkins*: "The Lord Archbishop of Cant. assigned a double "reason for this assembly, one 'to correct attempts "'against the jurisdiction and liberty of the Church "'in England;' the other, 'to supply the King and "'the kingdom with the necessary means of defence. "'In the first the register of Sudbury shows that "'nothing was done; to effect the second they "'unanimously agreed to give a subsidy to the "'king ...'" (*Ex. reg. Sud.* fol. 53.)

Bishop Stubbs, in his *Constitutional History*, sums up the establishment of Convocation by the Plantagenets in these words:—"The whole body of the

"beneficed clergy, as an estate of the realm pos-
"sessing taxable property and class interests, was
"organised by Edward I. as a portion of his parlia-
"ment, by the clause of premunition inserted in the
"writ of summons addressed to the bishops." (ii. p. 195.) "But although so closely united in idea, the "two representative bodies, convocation" (Stubbs in a note admits that he here uses "convocation" in the sense of an ecclesiastical synod, thus begging the whole question) "and the parliamentary representa-
"tion of the clergy, are kept clearly distinct. The "convocations" (*i.e.*, synods) "are the two provincial "councils meeting in their respective provinces, "generally at London and York ; . . . The convoca-
"tions" (synods) "are called by the writ of the "archbishops addressed through their senior suffra-
"gans to each bishop of their provinces. . . . The "Convocations" (synods) "are two spiritual assem-
"blies ; the parliamentary assembly of the clergy" (convocation) "is one temporal representation of "the spiritual estate." (ii. p. 200.) "Nor can it be "asserted that the grants made in Convocation were "regranted in parliament, so that they became in "that way a part of the parliamentary grant ; the "clergy met generally at a different time and place "from the parliament ; they were very jealous of any "attempt made by the parliament to control or even "to suggest the amount of their vote, and they "declined as much as they could to accept the "character of a secular court, even for the most "secular part of national business." (ii. 535.)

Here Stubbs goes even beyond my contention, representing Convocation to have been not only a secular meeting, but even an integral part of the parliament. Convocation certainly never was that. Its sanction was never asked or offered in passing a statute. Stubbs obviously goes too far. But his evidence is valuable as establishing the thirteenth century origin of those meetings of clergy—call them

by any name you like—those meetings of clergy, which were called by the King's order for transaction of secular business. And one of these meetings it was, bear in mind—and not a canonical synod—that passed the Act of Submission. For let it never be forgotten that, shameful to all the clergy as their cowardly assent to that Act was, *it was not given in Synod*, but only in secular Convocation.

I have now outlined the history of clerical councils down to the sixteenth century. We have seen that so far no king has interfered, or claimed right to interfere, with the synods of the Church ; but on the contrary has constantly borne witness to their independence of him by protesting against their action when he thought it opposed to his interest. We have seen how a separate meeting of clergy, eventually known as "Convocation," was called into existence by the king for secular purposes, not by a single stroke, but gradually during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. We have seen how this "Convocation" arose out of attempts on the king's part to cause provincial synods to be called for his own secular purposes ; and we have seen that the clergy, while steadfastly refusing to allow any meddling whatever with the canonical synod, did not refuse to meet at the king's summons for the king's business. We have seen also that the distinguishing note of "Convocasion" is *lay origination*. Its meetings originate with the king ; the archbishop's office is but ministerial. Other distinguishing features there are in addition, such as voting by the inferior clergy, but the cardinal note of "Convocation" is secular origination. We have seen that the *causa causans* of "Convocation" was identical with that of the Commons house of Parliament, *i.e.*, to obtain money-grants from the king's feudal sub-tenants, the one house representing lay, the other house clerical sub-tenants.

We shall now go on to see how the Crown, when assuming the spiritual headship of the Church of

England, by statute prohibited any further meeting of the canonical synod (25 Henry VIII. c. 19, s. 1.), and decreed that all spiritual, as well as temporal, business be thereafter transacted in the hitherto secular court of "Convocation."

On the 10th of May, 1532, Henry sent his almoner to the Convocation of Canterbury, which had been in session for some three years, requiring "That no con-"stitution or ordinance shall be hereafter by the clergy "enacted, promulgated, or put into execution, unless "the King's Highness do approve the same by his "High Authority and Royal Assent; and his Advice "and Favour be also interposed for the Execution of "every such Constitution among His Highness' Sub-"jects." The next day Henry sent for the Speaker and twelve of the Commons, and complained to them that the clergy were but half his subjects, "for all "their Prelates at their Consecration make an oath "to the Pope clean contrary to the oath they make "to us; so that they seem to be his subjects and not "Ours. The copy of both these oaths I deliver here "to you, requiring you to invent some order, that we "be not thus deluded of our Spiritual Subjects." The Convocation was allowed but one day wherein to answer, and it shamefully consented to the king's demand, 15 May, 1532. In the following year this submission was embodied in a statute, 25 Henry VIII. c. 19, whereby it was enacted—in the very words of the clergy's submission—(I append the substance only):—

1. That Convocations had been always assembled only by the king's writ, and should be so in future.

2. That the clergy should never assemble any Convocation without the king's writ, nor pass any Canons without his previous license and subsequent assent.

3. That all existent Canons be abrogated, save such as should be approved by thirty-two persons to be named by the king.

The High Church Tory, Dr. Wake, sums up the whole business in these words: "Having thus given "such a History of this Act of Submission, as seemed "requisite to show by what steps, and methods it "was carried on; I shall only make this short Use, "at the present, of it; That it appears, from the whole "Process of it, to have been entirely designed for the "Restraint of the Clergy in the Exercise of their Syno-"dical Powers; and to give the King a greater Autho-"rity over them, than He had before." It is worth remembering that the Convocation that passed the Submission, and did all the rest of this vile grovelling, was presided over by one Thomas Cromwell! And yet it was a canonical synod, we are told!

This Act of Submission by the clergy, followed by the Act of Parliament enforcing it (25 Hen. VIII. c. 19), was intended to be, and actually was, a repudiation of their right to meet in canonical synod. Since that day no canonical synod has been held by the Church of England—save the Legatine Synod held by Cardinal Pole; which Legatine Synod, be it well noted, *was summoned, met and sat during a session of Convocation*, without interfering or clashing with that Convocation.

All subsequent Convocations have been summoned by royal command, and their decrees have had no validity until the royal license has been given to them. Nay, more than that, for the royal promulgation alone of spiritual canons is held to give them validity without any decree of Convocation. The celebrated canons of 1604 were decreed by the Convocation of Canterbury, licensed by the king, and *put in force in both provinces, without having been decreed or even brought before the Convocation of York*, although it was sitting at the time.

As is well known, Convocation never met for transaction of business for a hundred and fifty years till the other day. There was nothing for it to do. Its right of taxation had passed to the House

of Commons, and any right of decreeing spiritual canons to the Crown. It has been brought out again lately, like a mummy from the tomb, by the High Church Anglicans, together with incense, lights and vestments, and other ceremonial corpses, which please as long as they are but dead ceremonies; but it has no more authority, legal or actual, than the Heralds' College or a court of pie-powder.

SAINT RITA OF CASCIA
(1381-1457)

BY LADY HERBERT

LITTLE is known in England of the Augustinian Saint whom the Holy Father has lately canonized in Rome; and yet so numerous are the miracles wrought by her intercession that we think our readers will not fail to be interested in the details of her history and of her family.

St. Rita was born in Rocca Porrena di Cascia, an ancient town in Umbria, in the year 1381, under the Pontificate of Urban VI. Her parents were of a respectable and pious though not wealthy class, and had long earnestly desired a child, which was not granted to them till they were advanced in years, when, one night, an angel appeared to Amata, her mother, and announced to her that their prayers were heard and that she would bear a child to be called "Rita," who would be in all ways pleasing to our Lord and would be a source of unmixed joy and happiness to her

parents. Their thankfulness may be imagined when the child was born, and baptized in the Monastery of Santa Maria in Cascia, the fourth day after her birth. When she was brought home and laid in her cradle, a swarm of bees surrounded her, of a kind entirely unknown in the country, who not only flew round her and over her, but went in and out of the mouth of the sleeping child without in the smallest way injuring or stinging her. A similar prodigy was seen at the birth of St. Ambrose, and the honey they left was supposed to prognosticate the sweetness and eloquence with which he won souls to God.

The childhood of Rita was one of unmixed happiness to her parents. Her gentleness and docility never failed; the only thing which saddened her was when her mother wished to give her some pretty frock or ornament: this she would put on to please her, but then would hide herself so as not to be seen by any one, till at last her mother gave up the attempt and allowed her to dress as simply as she wished. Her greatest delight was to slip away to the church, when her daily duties were over; and there she could always be found in adoration before the Blessed Sacrament. Obedience, however, was one of the rules of her daily life, and the least word from her parents was to her as law. Charity also was her characteristic; she would invent endless little ways of helping the

poor and sick, and had she not been watched would have deprived herself even of necessary food to give to some little children whom she had found in the village needing every sort of care and help.

When Rita was only eleven years old she felt herself so strongly attracted to a contemplative life that she implored her parents to let her enter the Augustinian Monastery near their house; but they had other views for her, and told her she must dismiss all thoughts of being a nun. To please her, however, they gave her a little room apart, which they fitted up as an oratory and where she spent all her spare moments. She covered the walls with holy pictures representing every circumstance in our Lord's Passion; and there she spent hours, and, above all, nights, in prayer and mortifications. A year later, however, the increasing infirmities of her parents compelled her to renounce her beloved solitude and to devote herself almost entirely to them. She accepted her new duties with equal readiness and humility, and left nothing undone which could contribute to their comfort and happiness. Our Lord intended her to be an example to all conditions of life, and her deep love for her parents made her stifle all her longings for the cloister, and accept, even joyfully, the new life she was called upon to bear.

One day she ventured to speak again to her parents of her ardent wish to become a nun; but

her words were met by such a torrent of tears and reproaches that she was completely silenced. Her mother exclaimed, "You, our only child, our only support, the dearest stay of our declining years, would you have the cruelty to leave and abandon us?" Obedience and filial love prevailed at last; but Rita did not renounce her intention, only praying for patience and resignation to wait for the hour when God would enable her to follow her vocation. But her parents had become alarmed and were not so easily satisfied; on the contrary, from that moment they resolved to secure her remaining in the world and likewise to ensure successors in their family by insisting on her marrying; and for that purpose chose a young man of good family and comfortable property, living at Rocca Porrena, called Ferdinand, and presented him to Rita as her future husband. The poor girl's despair may be imagined; and all the more, because the man himself was in no way congenial to her. He was proud and of a very violent temper, and had been brought up in the worldly and warlike spirit which at that time, unhappily, affected Italy and especially her young men, who had little or no religious practices.

After a terrible struggle, obedience again prevailed, and Rita, throwing herself entirely into God's hands, accepted the position imposed upon

her. Marriage in Italy is generally arranged by the parents without consulting the wishes of their children. Rita was very pretty and attractive, she was just eighteen years of age, and though not rich, yet, being an only child, all that her family possessed would eventually be hers, so the marriage gave great satisfaction to Ferdinand and his family and was solemnized with unusual splendour.

For the first few days all went well, but soon the detestable character of her husband made itself felt, and he overwhelmed her with abuse and ill-usage. Rita accepted all with perfect submission, doing everything he wished, and not undertaking the smallest thing without his permission. At last her gentleness and sweetness of character had its effect upon him, and one day he threw himself on his knees at her feet, imploring her forgiveness for his violence and bad temper.

After a time they had two sons, but both inherited their father's choleric disposition, and were a source of continual anxiety to their patient and holy mother. In spite of the continual provocations Rita had to endure from both her husband and children, it is mentioned by her biographer that she never complained and never spoke of them to others, and if any one expressed their sympathy with her in her trials she would quickly turn the conversation into other channels. Such

perfect Christian charity had its reward, for her husband was entirely converted by her example, to her great joy and consolation.

Eighteen years had now elapsed since her marriage, and it seemed as if our Lord deemed that her trial had been sufficiently prolonged, for that very year a terrible tragedy occurred, her husband being barbarously murdered, not far from his home, by an old enemy of his who had fallen upon him when he was unarmed and unprotected. Rita's sorrow may be imagined, and all the more that he should have died thus unprepared and without any religious consolations. She was also greatly distressed at the furious anger of her boys, who in spite of their youth only dreamed of vengeance on their father's murderer. In vain she set before them the example of the saints and of our Lord Himself on the Cross praying for those who had caused His death; but in spite of all her entreaties nothing would move them from their purpose. She turned in her despair to our Lord, imploring Him to avert this great evil from her children, and rather than that they should commit so grievous a sin that He would take them to Himself. Her prayer was heard; both boys were seized with very serious illness, and both, tenderly and devotedly nursed by their loving mother, expired within a few days of each

other, having received all the sacraments of the Church.

Nothing now remained to compel Rita to go on living in the world; parents, husband, and children, all were gone, and the words which she seemed to have heard distinctly in the Augustinian Church returned to her with double force, "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life." Feeling that this was as a direct call from God, she hastened to the Mother Superior of this famous Augustinian Convent, called in old times the Monastery of Santa Maria Maddalena, and implored admission to their Order. But to her inexpressible sorrow she was refused admittance, on the plea that the community never accepted widows, but only virgins, into their monasteries. Three times did she appeal to the nuns in vain, but her faith never wavered. She only redoubled her prayers and mortifications, imploring also the help of her special protectors, St. Augustine, St. John the Baptist, and St. Nicholas of Tolentino, that in spite of what she called her unworthiness she might be received in that monastery. And then a miracle happened, which we will relate exactly as described in an old Latin chronicle of the period. One night Rita was praying earnestly in her little room when she heard herself called by name, while some one knocked at the door. She looked out of the window to see who it was

at that hour, but could see no one. This was repeated twice, and at last fearing some diabolical plot, she again threw herself on her knees and implored her beloved Saviour to manifest His divine will in her regard. Suddenly she was seized with a kind of ecstasy, during which she saw St. John the Baptist, St. Augustine, and St. Nicholas, while a voice said to her, "Rise, beloved one, and come! The time has arrived for you to enter into that holy house from whence you have been three times repulsed." She rose, and then saw a venerable figure at the window who invited her to follow him, while she felt herself filled with indescribable joy and consolation. This figure was no other than St. John the Baptist.

Rita's house was built on the edge of a precipitous cliff, which it was impossible to climb; but encouraged by her celestial guide, to whom St. Augustine and St. Nicholas were added, she conquered her fears and found herself supernaturally at the door of the monastery, which opened instantly to receive her, though firmly closed a moment before. Then her three protectors left her, and she found herself alone in the private chapel of the nuns, and only by degrees recovered from the marvellous ecstasy in which she had been plunged during her remarkable flight. Very soon the nuns came down for Matins, and their astonishment may be imagined when they found Rita

praying in their midst, and still more when, with great modesty and simplicity, she gave them the account of her miraculous entrance into the monastery. There could no longer be a moment's hesitation as to her reception, and she was instantly clothed in the novice's habit, to her intense joy and thankfulness. This event took place in 1418, when Rita was thirty-eight years of age.

It is needless to dwell on her admirable virtues during the year's novitiate, when she won both the admiration and respect of the whole community. The following year she received the holy habit with every possible solemnity; and that evening she was favoured with another ecstasy, in which she saw a series of steps leading from earth to heaven, guarded by angels, on the summit of which stood the Saviour of mankind, who invited her to climb these stairs and join Him.

Of all the supernatural graces which distinguished Rita above all her companions in the monastery the greatest was her charity. Bearing in mind the words of St. James, "If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man," she observed a rigorous silence in speaking of people, unless some good might be done by words of advice or warning. The nuns in that day were not enclosed; and her only recreation was to visit the sick and sorrowful, to strengthen the weak, to console the afflicted, and, as far as she could, to bear their burdens. The

words of St. Augustine, "Charity is the bond of perfection," were realized by her in the same sense as St. Gregory, who compared charity to a tree, all of whose branches sprang from the same root; and thus every other virtue—prudence, justice, temperance, patience, and humility—emanated from Rita's intense and unselfish charity, and her superabounding love of God and man. Of her minute observance of every rule of the Order, and of her implicit spirit of obedience, endless proofs are given. The Abbess was tempted on one occasion to try her by ordering her to water daily a dry and dead tree in the garden of the monastery. Rita obeyed without a question, and the result of her obedience was shown in the recovery of the tree, to the astonishment of the gardener, and its bearing flowers and fruit. She practised poverty in the smallest acts of her daily life; her cell was the most miserable in the whole house, and her dress the oldest and most worn of the community. In her penances she obtained leave to exceed those allowed by the Order, eating only once a day, and very often only bread and water, and continually taking the discipline to bring about the conversion of sinners, or for the relief of the souls in purgatory.

Her spirit of prayer was equally remarkable; but her favourite meditation was always on the various scenes of our Lord's Passion. A

sermon once preached to the nuns by a famous Franciscan Father, on the Crowning with Thorns, so greatly impressed her that she implored our Lord to allow her to share if in the smallest degree, in this particular suffering. Strange to say, this prayer was heard, and one of the thorns from the crown on the head of our Divine Lord, before which she was at that moment kneeling, became suddenly detached and fastened itself in her forehead so deeply that she could not remove it. The wound became worse and gangrene set in; the smell which emanated from it compelled her to remain almost entirely in her own cell and alone, and this lasted for fifteen years. She had, however, a few weeks of relief when the Pope Nicholas V. proclaimed a Jubilee in 1450, and the Augustinian nuns were permitted to visit Rome to gain the Indulgences attached to it. The Abbess, however, refused permission for Rita to join them, saying she must wait till the wound in her forehead was healed. Then another miracle happened; the holy nun prayed fervently, and in the morning all trace of the thorn had disappeared, and she was enabled to join her companions in their pious pilgrimage, which they undertook on foot, and which she followed with joy, in spite of her advancing years. Strangely enough, on her return to her monastery the wound from the thorn reappeared, and continued till her death.

In 1453 Rita was seized by a fatal illness, which lasted for four years of continual suffering, borne by her with sweetness and patience, and even with joy, as conforming her more closely with her crucified Lord. One or two of her old friends came to see her during that time, and one of them having asked her if she could not do something for her in her old home, "Yes," replied Rita; "when you return to Rocca Porrena, go into my garden and gather a rose you will find there, and bring it to me." It was in the month of January and the season was unusually cold, with both frost and snow, so that her friend thought that illness had affected her senses. However, from sheer curiosity, she went to the garden, and there, sure enough, was the rose-bush, with a beautiful rose in full blossom, while all the other trees were covered with hoar-frost. She joyfully gathered it and hastened back instantly to Cascia to give it to Rita, who was full of joy and gratitude. Her friend, much touched by what she had seen, asked her if she had no other commission. Rita replied, "As you are so kind, will you go again into my garden and bring me two ripe figs from thence?" The lady this time never hesitated, but went straight to the garden, where, on the dry and leafless tree, she found two beautiful ripe figs, which with great joy she instantly took to Rita, to the utter astonishment of the nuns.

But the end of this holy and beautiful life was near at hand; and every hour Rita's longing to join Him whom she so truly loved increased. Her ardent faith had its reward. One day, when she had been praying more and more earnestly, a vision was vouchsafed to her of our Lord Jesus Christ and His Blessed Mother, and the following joyful announcement was made to her: "Within three days your sufferings in this world will be over, and you will enjoy the glories of Paradise."

The community were naturally filled with sorrow at the news; but Rita, humbly asking their forgiveness for the bad example she had given to them, and for all the trouble her long illness had cost them, only entreated the Abbess's blessing, which was given to her with many tears. Then the other nuns implored Rita to bless them also, which she was compelled to do, promising to recommend each one to our Lord. On the 20th of May, 1457, strengthened by the last Sacraments, she breathed her last, under the Pontificate of Calixtus III., having completed her seventy-sixth year, and the forty-fourth of her religious profession.

The marvellous events which immediately followed her death, left no doubt in the minds of her community that her soul was gone straight to heaven. One Sister saw a vision of angels conducting her to Paradise; then, at the moment of

her death, the great bell of the monastery (which is still preserved) rang of itself; her cell was filled with a wonderful light; her body showed a supernatural beauty, and the wound of the thorn in the forehead was not only healed but emitted the most wonderful perfume. The corpse was publicly exposed in the church of the monastery, and a relation of hers who was crippled with paralysis was instantly cured by merely touching the flesh of the Saint. Endless miracles followed; the blind received their sight, the dumb the power of speech, the deaf that of hearing, and authentic proofs of all these miracles were obtained from the authorities, and have continued up to this day. In a little book published in 1900 by the press of the Propagation of the Faith at Rome, upwards of a hundred miracles are recorded, of which thirty occurred in 1896. More strange still, Rita's body remains incorruptible, and the sweetest odour emanated from it, whenever it has been canonically examined. Proclaimed a Saint by the whole population, Urban VII. declared her to be among the Blessed on the 16th of July, 1628, in the Church of St. Augustine in Rome, in the presence of twenty-two Cardinals and an immense concourse of people.

Rita is universally called "The Saint of Impossible Things," as her intercession has been found available in the most despairing cases. Many of

those who have been cured are still alive; and equally remarkable have been the graces she has obtained for the souls as well as the bodies of men. This being the case, Leo XIII. ordered the cause of her canonization to be brought forward, and three recent miracles were incontestably proved, as well as the perfume emanating from her remains. Therefore, on Palm Sunday, 1900, the Sovereign Pontiff gave his definitive approval of her canonization, which was solemnly carried out at St. Peter's in the Vatican on the Feast of the Ascension.

We cannot help feeling that such an example of an admirable daughter, wife and mother, must commend itself to many who would be less interested in the life of one who was merely a nun, however heroic may have been her virtues. We abstain from giving the details of her later miracles, as in England such things are frequently considered as exaggerated and devoid of credence.

RUTHVEN *v.* DE BOM

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

Some three or four years ago, Michael Riordan, calling himself "Ex-Priest Ruthven," began to deliver in England lectures of a certain type, which were resented by Catholics on account of their untruthful and indecent attacks upon the Catholic religion and priesthood. The Hon. Secretaries of the Catholic Truth Society received from the Catholic Truth Society of Minnesota an account of Riordan's career, reprinted from the Cleveland (Ohio) *Universe* of March 15, 1895, which was largely based on statements of Presbyterian newspapers and of clergymen of repute. It included an account of Riordan's conviction and subsequent imprisonment for misappropriation of funds in the Erie County Penitentiary, the chief witness against him being the Rev. Dr. Paton, the well-known Presbyterian missionary, in whose name Riordan had been collecting. Dr. Paton has published an account of the transaction in his Autobiography published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton (1898 edition, pp. 455–457), and during the recent trial confirmed on oath all the statements contained in it.

The Catholic Truth Society, having previously successfully exposed a lecturer named Slattery, was

asked to supply information regarding Riordan. Having learnt from America that the statements in the Cleveland *Universe* had not been challenged, the Catholic Truth Society reprinted the article as a leaflet, and many thousands of it were distributed in places where Riordan was lecturing. Meanwhile the Editor of *Truth* took up the matter and published a long series of exposures of Riordan's career. Not one of these has ever been refuted, nor did Riordan ever take or threaten any action against the Catholic Truth Society, although in the bills of his lectures he frequently referred to the leaflet.

It is only fair to the various Protestant societies to say that no one of them has ever given Riordan the slightest support or encouragement, nor has he been supported by the Protestant Press ; this is in itself no slight indication of the estimation in which he is held by Protestants in general.

In the summer of 1900, the Rev. Emil de Bom, of Shanklin, where Riordan was announced to speak, printed and distributed a leaflet warning folk to avoid these "unhealthy lectures ;" with this leaflet he enclosed a copy of the Catholic Truth Society's account of Riordan's career. Riordan thereupon threatened Father de Bom with an action, and the Catholic Truth Society undertook to support Father de Bom in his defence. After many delays, the action came off in the Court of King's Bench on February 7 and 8, 1901, before Mr. Justice Ridley.

Accounts of the trial appeared in the daily and weekly Press, and there is no need to enter here upon details. The nature of the lectures may be inferred from the fact that, as soon as extracts from

them began to be read, the Judge ordered the court to be cleared of women and boys. The Judge divided the issue of the action into two counts: (1) whether the lectures were "unhealthy," (2) whether the defendant had proved the truth of the libel complained of. On the first count he directed the jury to find for the defendant. On the second count he said that though some of the statements in the leaflet had not been proved, the plaintiff had not ventured to go into the witness-box to deny their truth, although he came to defend his character. The jury found for Father de Bom on the first count, and for Riordan on the second count, giving him 40s. damages. Judgement was entered for Father de Bom on the main point, with costs on the first count and general costs; the costs, if any, on the second count—there were none—to be paid by the defendant.

Riordan's lectures did not materially differ from those upon similar subjects which are from time to time delivered ostensibly in the interests of Protestantism, and it is satisfactory to have the pronouncement of an English Judge upon the matter and manner of these addresses. We commend Mr. Justice Ridley's summing-up to the notice of those who, either directly or indirectly, support or justify the delivery of such lectures.

RUTHVEN v. DE BOM

In the High Court of Justice, King's Bench Division. Before Mr. Justice Ridley and a Common Jury.

JUDGE'S SUMMING-UP

(From the shorthand notes of Messrs. Walsh and Sons, 4 New Court, W.C.)

This is an action which is brought for libel, and I think it best to divide it into two parts. The first libel you have to consider is with regard to the lectures delivered by the Plaintiff. The second libel, which I should wish you to separate from the other, is the libel contained in the other leaflet. It is actually separate, because it is on a different leaf and it is upon a different subject, and I think it is possible to treat it differently; therefore I would ask you to consider this alleged libel on the Plaintiff in respect of lectures delivered, and secondly the libel upon him in respect of libels with regard to these past occurrences.

The Plaintiff, first of all, has not ventured to go into the witness-box. He has had the opportunity twice over during this case, and he has declined to avail himself of it. A Plaintiff in a libel case who does such a thing as that cannot complain if the verdict of the Jury should go against him. The case quoted of *Scott* v. *Samson* has nothing whatever

to do with the point—nothing whatever. The Plaintiff was called in that case, and the Jury had the opportunity of determining as to the truth or the untruth of the libel in question. Here the Plaintiff has deliberately declined to avail himself of the opportunity presented to him. He has not come before us to say that one single syllable of this libel is untrue—not one single syllable (I am speaking of the second libel)—but we know that one part of it is true, and that is the worst part, as it seems to me.

We know that this leaflet contained in it an assertion that in 1893 or thereabouts the Plaintiff had been convicted in America, at a place called Buffalo, of obtaining money under false pretences for charitable purposes, and that he received one year's imprisonment. The Plaintiff did not think fit to make that part of his case for libel, although it was contained in precisely the same document which contains the charges of less importance. Now, we know that this charge is true, because he himself, by his own questions, has admitted it; and we know that Dr. Paton, the Presbyterian Missionary, was present at the time when he was convicted. Now, he has the face to ask you to say that because the Defendant has not proved the truth of these things, therefore you are to assume that they are false. You can, if you like, gentlemen; but what I will point out to you is this, that although that is the question for you, and that although strictly the proof of a justification for libel is upon the Defendant, if the Plaintiff does not choose to go into the witness-box you may safely assume there is a very good reason why he does not, and I should like to know whether that reason exists in the present case—why he did not venture to

take his oath and to deny that these statements were true concerning him. Therefore, gentlemen, although in such a case as this of libel, when the Defendant pleads a justification, the proof is upon him, it is in the hands of the Jury; and if you think, Here is a Plaintiff who does not deny it, you may come to what conclusion you think proper. In this case it is worse, for a portion of this document, which I think very probably in your opinion you will think is the worst part, has been admitted to be true. If the Plaintiff succeeds upon that libel, well and good—it is for you to consider what is the damage for having made these statements about a man of whom we know so much as we know now.

The first libel stands in a different situation, for it is for you to say in respect of that whether you think that these words, written by Mr. De Bom, the Defendant in this case, were actually justified as an expression of opinion addressed to the inhabitants of Shanklin as to the character of the lectures delivered. The words are these—there are some introductory words of friendliness to his parishioners, and then he goes on and says—"May I, as a friend, ask you to shun the unhealthy lectures which are now allowed to take place at a public hall of this town? Any person who has any self-respect will, I feel confident, refrain from lowering him or herself by listening to the attacks of this stranger to the town and pseudo-Reformer. The enclosed leaflet will give an idea of the true worth of the man who calls himself 'Father Ruthven.'" There can be no doubt in the minds of anybody who has been present here since this case began yesterday, that the pith of this case is to be found in the first leaflet and not in the second one. It is to that, and to that for nearly all the time, that

the arguments have been addressed ; and it is to that, and in respect of that, that the witnesses have been called. Now, do you think from what you have heard about the lectures so delivered by this man that they were "unhealthy" lectures ?—that is the word which is used by the Defendant in describing them and in asking his parishioners and those with whom he was concerned not to attend them.

Now, we have got to deal, unfortunately, with the case of Protestantism against Roman Catholicism. That cannot be denied : that is, in the main, the subject of these lectures. I have to ask you, gentlemen, to consider this case not as either one or the other. You must take it upon yourselves to forget for the moment, if you please, to which of these branches of the Christian religion you may belong. What I wish to say further than that point is, that there is very good reason for criticizing the institution such as the Confessional, and that it is perfectly true, I believe, according to the writers on the subject, that it was on that question more than upon any other that the Reformation turned in this country. But that is to be taken as a matter of argument. It is to be dealt with as a subject which is capable of reasoning on one side or the other. There are arguments in its favour maintained then, and maintained since, and maintained till this moment. There are arguments to the contrary which are equally strong, and perhaps in the opinion of most of us stronger, to the effect that the morality and the conduct of the inhabitants of this country are better without such an institution. But all those who approach this subject, as many of us may have done, ought to remember that it is not by filth and beastliness that this matter can be arranged. It is not a question such as seems to be

suggested in the minds of some people, of whether indecencies and indescribable offences take place in the Confessional. That is a thing which is not the point in the matter when the subject is properly approached by those who want to argue it. A man, indeed, who does not want to argue it, but who wants to create a sensation against it, might pick out of a book passages which have no such application. He can pick out from some sources, we do not know what, stories which have no possible foundation; might colour his lectures by the stories repeated one after another, and then point to an authority which in point of fact has no bearing; he might arouse the prejudice in the minds of his hearers which is his object to arouse against this institution by repeating that it is not managed according to the tenets, as they really are, of the Church of Rome, but that it is managed by a body of persons who have been prostituting women, who have been outraging them in their family relations, and who have themselves been leading a life of disgusting immorality.

Now, gentlemen, if that is the way these lectures were introduced, and not the former one, do you think they were or were not unhealthy lectures for people to attend? Do you think that in the town of Shanklin, or in the town of Southampton, or in Reading, or in other places where these lectures were delivered, there were people who for a moment had thought of such things as you have heard of yesterday and to-day until they attended these lectures? Rumours may have been noised about that such things had been heard of before, but was it or was it not a filthy and disgusting mode of handling this subject, and not a real attempt to deal with the desirability or the undesirability of the institution known as the Confes-

sional? What have we got to deal with? Have we got in this case anything like an indication of an approach to such argument? There was one witness who was called for the Plaintiff, and who did for the moment get somewhere near the true point. I forget whether it was Mr. Long, or whether it was one of the other gentlemen who belonged to the Quaker persuasion, but there was one of them who said he had heard at one of these lectures an approach to something like an argument which would be a proper and a right argument upon this subject. But it seems to me you have got before you, from the expressions used, an amount of filth—I advisedly use the word—which seems to have been put forward as an attraction to these lectures, and as the main subject of them. If that is so, if you take that view of the case, do you consider the Defendant was not justified in using these words—that they were unhealthy lectures? What could be the benefit to those who heard them of the suggestions that were made . . . *—what is the benefit to them of those suggestions? It seems to me, subject to your better opinion, by discussing these things you put them into people's minds; you are debauching them; you are doing the thing possibly of which you accuse the Roman priests. If that is the view you take of this matter, it was an unhealthy lecture; it was not upon the level which such lectures ought to be if they were really to produce the effect desired. If you want to say this ought not to be done, if you want to say this is not an institution which we as Protestants or as Englishmen can recognize, you must show, not by such language as this, not by such anecdotes of a filthy character, but by reasoning, that

* [Twelve words are omitted here for obvious reasons.]

the family relations, that the intimate connection which exists between father, daughter, wife, brother, and so forth, are interfered with by the priest, who endeavours to get from the one or the other secrets which they do not mutually know. That is the sort of point which ought to be taken. But what has this man done except to retail at nearly all his lectures these filthy anecdotes? I will not repeat them. The lecture at Reading seems to me to be simply a horrible discussion of things which ought never to have been said. There are expressions spoken to at Shanklin and at Southampton which are quite as bad. So far for those expressions. I do not stop to repeat them to you, for you have heard them once, twice, and three times already, and why should I repeat them again?

Now, what else is there to indicate the character of these lectures? I have got certain bills here. I am not going to read all of them, but here is one which is printed by the Plaintiff, who has been about the country lecturing about these matters, and he went among other places, apparently, to Newcastle-on-Tyne. We have not heard what these lectures were, and I do not propose to ask you to say that we know anything about what was there said, but he comes into this country to lecture upon this question of the Confessional. "Monday Afternoon, May 8th. Lecture to Ladies only on the Girl in the Confessional, or how the blackguard priests of Rome pollute the hearts and the imaginations, wreck the bodies and ruin the souls of the poor children who are exposed to their villainous teaching. Admission 6d." Now, gentlemen, is that an unhealthy thing? If that is the character of these lectures, is that a genuine discussion of a Protestant religionist to try and induce people

from their reason not to believe in these institutions, or is it an unhealthy, a blackguardly proceeding of which this man has been guilty? Again, "Monday Evening, May 8th. On Rome's Substitute for Marriage. A full exposure of the vile institution which enables Popish celibates to bear the vow of celibacy and notwithstanding plunge into lives of unmentionable impurity. Admission 6d." That is the mode in which this gentleman proceeded to illustrate his arguments in the town of Newcastle. Now, here is another. "Oddfellows' Hall, St. Mary Street"—this, I think, is one of the Southampton advertisements. "Celibacy of Romish Priests Exposed." "This is the strongest of the ex-priest's lectures to a mixed audience"—the strongest! What was the flavouring? Do you think it was filth—indecency? According to what we have heard that was the flavouring which this man put into his lectures, and if so, were they, in the words of the Defendant, unhealthy lectures or not? One more instance. This is Oval Road, Southampton, "Friday Evening, October 7th. To Men only. On Priests and their Victims, or, the Woman and the Confessional. The Rev. Father Ruthven will also explain nineteen ways in which Romish confessors seduce their female penitents. Admission 1s." What is the meaning of that? Is that a healthy performance? Is that the sort of subject you would wish to bring forward to induce the people under the guise of a Protestant lecture to unveil the errors of the Romish Church?

Now we are told in that book written by a man called Liguori, who was one of the authorities of the Romish Church two hundred or three hundred years ago—two hundred at all events—I thought myself, from the character of the book,

it might be even more—there are passages which had really nothing to do with this matter, but which may be quoted by those who want to give a particular tone to the lectures which they deliver. It must have been perfectly well known to the Plaintiff when he showed me the passage in that book yesterday, with a query in the margin, that that was not an instruction for the Confessional, but Liguori is dealing with his discussion upon the particular subject. He points to that passage and reads it, as I understand, to those at his lectures as if it was a question to be put in the Confessional. He knows the Latin language, and he knows as well as possible the book says nothing of the kind.

We have had before us here witnesses who have spoken in favour of the Plaintiff. You must, of course, judge of them as to whether they do represent what the proper view is that should be taken of these matters, or are they people who from some determined view—I will not call them bigots, but who from some determined view—are willing to believe anything that they can hear against a Church which is not their own? There are such people living in these days—I had hoped there were none. I do not know whether we shall ever reach that millennium when we shall begin to think we are Christians before we think of the particular form of church to which we belong. We do not seem to have got to it yet, in the opinion of some of those witnesses. Perhaps, gentlemen, you may come to the conclusion that they went ready to believe the kind of account given to them from the book as the truth which they were inquiring into; and if so I should hardly think you would be able to weigh their evidence as worth much against that on the other side.

Now comes this fact. Books were sold at these meetings. Are those books in the nature of discussion or articles upon this subject such as I have been pointing out to you should be the character of such a subject? or are they discussing by authorities and by quotations from the fathers of the Church, from our own bishops or writers or from the writers and fathers of the Roman Catholic Church? or are they discussing the subject as to how far this Confessional is a right institution? Gentlemen, this book, if anything, is worse than the lectures. It is nothing whatever, as it seems to me, but indecency. It is picking out as plums the most indecent stories he has been able to hunt up in the literature on this question. What do you say to books like that—"Maria Monk," "Priests and their Victims," "The Confessional Unmasked"—sold at the table at the lectures of this man, who says he is making a healthy investigation into the subject of the Roman Catholic Church? Those are the topics, as it seems to me, that engaged his attention. If you come to the conclusion, as I rather gathered yesterday you had arrived at from what you then said to me, that these lectures are indecent and filthy lectures, I think there can be no doubt that on the first part of this libel you will find they are, within the words of the Defendant in the libel complained of, unhealthy lectures. That is the point in the first place.

Now, gentlemen, there is the other libel. Upon that I have already told you that it rests upon a different foundation, for there was attached to this document, which is the one I have been mentioning, a leaflet which contained statements regarding the personal character of this man. He has not, as I have said, called himself as a witness, and we have

not had the evidence from the Plaintiff in denial of those statements. They are to the effect that "He was partly educated for the priesthood, and had gotten far enough to be tonsured, when he was expelled from the school for drunkenness and disreputable practices. He then left Ireland and went to Australia, where he renounced the Roman Catholic Church and joined the Presbyterian Church, being subsequently ordained a minister and installed as pastor of a congregation. He married a young woman of one of the best families in one of the Australian cities. His wife was soon obliged to separate from him on account of his drunkenness and extreme cruelty. He afterwards professed to have reformed, and she returned to him, but was compelled a second time to leave him. Charges of drunkenness and cruelty were preferred against him before the Presbytery, but he agreed to surrender his ministerial credentials and to leave the country. The charges were not prosecuted, but he was deposed as a minister." Again, that "he was expelled from the Baptist Church and published as a fraud." Then "he took to the lecture-field, and made his headquarters in Philadelphia, travelling through the country with a woman in his wake, of course. It is not known whether she was an 'escaped nun.' He was next heard from as an inmate of the Keeley Liquor Cure Institute, Dwight, Ill., and after remaining there for some time was discharged as cured. He went to Detroit, leaving there without paying his hotel bill, and crossing over to Canada." It is for you to decide, gentlemen, whether you find for the Plaintiff or for the Defendant upon this matter. The Defendant has not proved it, but the Plaintiff has not ventured to get into the witness-box to deny the

truth of these statements, although he comes here to clear his character.

Now, gentlemen, if you find for him, what are the damages to be? Well, it will partly depend on what you find upon the first libel. If you find with regard to the first libel against him, if you find it was a proper criticism to make and that these lectures were unhealthy, you have got him then going about the country sowing this filth and this indecency in all the towns wherever he could get an audience to hear these lectures, and from whom he could collect their sixpences. A man who does that cannot expect to recover much in a libel action where he seeks to clear his character. What else are you certain about? That in the year 1893 or 1895—I am not quite clear which—it was found that he was representing in America that he had authority to collect funds for a charity; that he was tried before a court in the State, I believe, of New York; that he was convicted, and that he got twelve months' imprisonment. He says there is an end of all that. Gentlemen, there may be an end of it so far as the punishment is concerned, but I am sorry to say it is a blot that sticks on his character for ever. If he is to come here to clear his character and say, "I must have damages for you calling me a person who has been dismissed from his school, who has been dismissed from the Baptist Church, who has not paid his hotel bill, who has been doing this, that, and the other," and if he has at the same time to admit that he has been distributing these horrible lectures throughout the country, and has had twelve months for fraud, then I should suppose, even if you found in his favour, you would think the smallest coin in the realm is more than sufficient compensation.

The main question in the case is, What do you say about the first libel? Are you satisfied that these were unhealthy lectures? If so, you must find for the Defendant. If you find the contrary, then you will find for him. If you find for him there, then I suppose you would think that in spite of the character earned in America there ought to be damages in respect of that. I must leave those in your hands. If he can clear himself of having delivered these filthy lectures, it will be a point in his favour. What we are here to determine is whether he did it or whether he did not do it.

Gentlemen, I hope you will come to the conclusion at which you will shortly arrive without bias and without prejudice. It is all important in a case like the present to be sure of what we are about. It is most desirable that this point should be discussed. It must be done upon a proper level and with a proper object, but if you besmear the question with beastliness and with indecency as the main question to be argued, you do immeasurable harm. If you think that is what was done, then, although you belong, as I do, to the Protestant faith, you will resent as much as I do, taking the view I do, these lectures and the way they have been delivered. But the matter is in your hands to determine, and I will ask you to say on the first libel, Do you find for the Plaintiff or the Defendant? I will ask you the same question as to the second libel, and if you find for the Plaintiff, what are the damages?

[As stated in the introductory note, the jury found for the Defendant on the first count, and for the Plaintiff on the second, with 40s. damages.]

FATHER CUTHBERT'S CURIOSITY CASE.

CHAPTER IX.

I WAS sitting in Father Cuthbert's room the other day awaiting his Reverence's return, when my attention was drawn to a little red silk bag among the treasures of his Curiosity Case. As the case was unlocked, I took out the bag, and opening it found it contained a few verses written on half a sheet of note paper in a firm hand which seemed to be familiar to me, but which I could not then associate with any of my clerical or other friends. The verses were headed "My Silver Jubilee." I had finished the perusal of them, and was lost in a brown study, when my good friend returned.

When we had settled down quietly, he told me the story of

The Red Silk Bag.

You doubtless remember that good and energetic worker among the poor, Canon Curwen. The beautiful church he built, he unfortunately was not spared to clear from debt; but he had done a great work. He had acquired freehold land, had erected noble schools and a commodious

and well-planned presbytery; these he had paid for, but his church was some ten thousand pounds in debt.

You may recollect that he died about a quarter of a century ago, when he had just celebrated the silver jubilee of his priesthood. This was a very happy day for him; devoted people had presented him with a substantial token of their love and gratitude for all the self-sacrifice of a life of labour in their midst. But it was the last day of his useful life.

His housekeeper heard him moving in his room about midnight. As was his wont, he went into the church before retiring to rest. In the early morning his body was found lifeless, stretched on the floor of the sanctuary. There was no bruise on the body—no sign of a fall—it looked as though the good Canon had composed himself to slumber, and passed away in his sleep. They found on his open desk the following verses:

Yes, they have gone, gone never to return,
These five-and-twenty years of joy!
And yet it seems there is as much to learn
As when I was a thoughtless boy.

Yes, they have gone, but only gone before
Into the vast eternity!
Ah, may they ever lovingly implore
Peace and enduring grace for me.

When life was strong and manhood in its prime
My life to God was consecrate ;
Came with its joyous happiness sublime
That call unto the higher state.

What though the bloodless martyrdom be mine ?
What though the cares are thick and sad ?
Is not life's chalice full of ruddy wine
That makes the heart rejoice and glad ?

Yet there is more in life of joy than sorrow,
" God's Providence shapes every end "
Why should I fret or trouble for the morrow,
Since God is such a lasting Friend ?

And as the years roll on, still may they find
Me dearer to the Sacred Heart :
In Jesu's love, so gentle and so kind,
With Mary may I share a part !

So may it be ! On Mary I will rest,
Rest hopeful for the time to come !
Thus all my days shall be most full and blest,
And Heaven at last my blissful home !

The good Canon had been dead about fifteen years. One summer evening the servant announced that a gentleman wished to see me on urgent business. I found a white-haired man, apparently of about fifty years of age, whose face gave evidence of refinement and also of hard

work. There was earnestness and marked straight-forwardness in his manner. As I entered the room he rose, and with a pleasant smile said :

"Father Cuthbert, perhaps you may have noticed me in your church during the past fortnight. I come from America, and I have to transact some important business in which I want to ask your kind assistance. It is not much. I have a packet with me which I want you to deliver to the priest in charge of a certain mission. You will find all particulars in a letter which accompanies the packet. It contains a brief history of myself, and you can use the facts as you think fit. All I ask is that you will not open the letter, nor deliver the packet, till after three days. I was anxious to deliver the letter and packet myself into your hands, in order to be sure that its contents were safe. I might have given them to the priest to whom the packet is addressed, but I find he is out of town and will not return for a few days. To-morrow I leave England."

I promised to comply with his request. As he stated, he had frequented the church during the past fortnight, and I had observed him at the early Mass each morning, also at the evening Benedictions. He explained that he had been residing in the neighbourhood. As he rose to go he thanked me heartily, and added

"In this envelope you will find a Bank of England note for a hundred pounds ; please use it for your mission or schools, and remember me in your prayers."

Next morning I saw him at Mass, at which he received

Holy Communion. When I had finished my thanksgiving, I found that this strange benefactor had gone.

After three days I opened the envelope, which contained the following letter :

"It will serve my purpose equally well if I suppress my own name, and give you that of Arthur Blackman. In the fall of the year some fifteen years ago, I set sail from Liverpool for 'Frisco. A stern resolution had driven me from England, A useless, restless and wild life had culminated in a sad catastrophe, and I had determined to change my life and, in a land where I should be a stranger, to gain my bread by the sweat of my brow. I had a great reparation to make, a heavy debt to pay, and I made up my mind, with God's help, to carry out what I had resolved.

"I went out a steerage passenger, with but a scanty pittance in my pocket. I had been a doctor by profession, and so was able to serve some of my fellow-passengers during our stormy voyage. Among them, I made the acquaintance of one Dick Turner, who was seeking a better fortune in the far west.

"I need not enter into the hardships of those first months ; suffice it to say that we eventually found ourselves in one of the richest mining districts of the Sierre Nevada range. It was a rough and a hard time. It brought out all that was good in a man, and also all that was bad and brutal.

"Somehow or other we two got on well with the rough honest lads we found there. I was handy with my know-

ledge of medicine and surgery, and they only knew me by the name of 'the Doctor.' Many a sad scene I've witnessed in those wild spots, and I've tried to lessen the sufferings of many a sad death. But there were needy adventurers and gamblers and sharpers in those rough camps. The great enemy of all was the cursed drink fiend—the heavy drinking of ardent, raw, unrefined spirit, which brought ruin and madness in its horrid trail.

"Yes, it was hard work; and for months and months it seemed as though no good fortune would smile upon us. Early and late, breaking the hard rock, crushing the quartz or washing the sand; it seemed an endless labour. But it brought health and strength and vigour of mind, and so we toiled on.

"We had at length scraped some little together and we decided to purchase the holding above our own.

"'I've been prospecting along the gulch above, and there's old Peter Smelt's plot which he's about to vacate and is offering for sale,' said Dick to me one day. 'If we can come to terms, shall we purchase?'

"'Well,' I answered, 'I know the lads don't think much of it, but I'm of opinion that there's money in that holding; and if you can get it, let us try our luck on the new ground.'

"'Right you are!' he rejoined; and Peter Smelt's holding became ours.

"The boys shrugged their shoulders, and said they were sorry that the Doctor and his friend Dick had been fooled.

"Dick was a steady man and worked hard. Presently our luck came. I shall never forget the day.

"'At last,' said Dick, 'I think our fortune is made!' and he showed me the treasure which he had brought to light.

"But if there were honest lads around, we knew that thieves and robbers abounded. But why dwell now on those stirring times? We were robbed. Our hoarded gold was stolen from us more than once, stolen from our cabins, and robbed in transit. Then a bank opened in the neighbourhood and received our treasures; but the managers turned out swindlers and the whole camp was well nigh ruined; and so we had to set to work again.

"At length our fortunes were fairly made. I had had enough in those fourteen years, so I sold my share to my friend and determined to visit England once more. Our luck had enabled us to do good service in the spot where we made our fortunes. I built a little chapel and founded a mission for the Catholic miners, and established a convent of nuns; and soon the camp grew, and a town clustered in the valley. When I bade farewell to my old friend Dick, it was on the understanding that should I ever want a home, or a position, I was to go back to the old spot on the Nevada range.

"What is left of my fortune you will find in the little red silk bag in the packet, in English bank-notes, to be given as directed. I have sufficient to carry me back West, where my profession and my old friend will enable me to pass my remaining years in peace and sufficiency, should a good Providence so ordain. I feel my work is ended, my debt paid, my obligation fulfilled.

"But why have I done this, why am I so solicitous that the money shall be given to the mission named?

"There was, some fifteen years ago, a debt of ten thousand pounds on that mission. But for me that debt would have been paid: I cut short a zealous life; and you shall hear how this happened.

"When I was a young man, a student in a London medical school, I first came to know Canon Curwen, or, as he was then called, Father Curwen; as years went on I saw him from time to time, and many an act of kindness he did for me. I had money of my own, and somehow or other I never settled down to work seriously after I had finished my studies and passed my examinations. My parents were dead, and being able to live without working I suppose spoilt my life. I went from bad to worse. London is not the place for a lazy man, with money in his pocket. Anyhow, at last there was an end of my private means, and I found myself stranded. The good Canon helped me on to a good post, which if I had only stuck to work would have made me; but I didn't: I drifted.

"On the night the Canon celebrated his silver jubilee I found myself in his church. I don't know how it happened. I know I had been drinking; it is strange how in the depths of poverty one manages to get the wherewith to pay for drink. I was tired and weary, and without the price of a night's lodging. I would not trouble the Canon that night; I would go into the church and rest. I must have fallen asleep.

"When I woke, I found myself between two benches and the church in darkness. There was the glimmer of the sanctuary lamp, and of the lamp before our Lady's altar. I heard a clock strike, and counted the hours. It was midnight. I went quietly to the church door but found it locked. What was I to do? Should I rouse the inmates of the presbytery, or remain where I was and sneak out quietly in the morning? I could then, if observed, easily give the same excuse as I could at that time. I determined to remain.

"Presently I heard footsteps in the sacristy. I knew that it communicated with the house. Perhaps it was one of the priests who was going to or returning from a sick-call. I hid myself cautiously and listened.

"I saw the tall slim figure of the Canon enter the sanctuary and kneel at a *prie-dieu* facing the altar. Should I go up to him and explain how I had come there? I made up my mind, and after waiting for a short time I quietly opened the sanctuary gates and approached the kneeling figure of my old friend. He must have heard me, for he started to his feet, uttered a faint suppressed cry and fell forward. I caught him in my arms. I placed him on the ground, felt his pulse, put my hand over his heart, listened for the sound of breathing. But alas, I knew too well what had happened. He was dead!

"I placed him reverently before the altar and sat down, dazed and stunned. Was it a reality or was it all a hideous dream?

"Never shall I forget the horror of those long, long

weary hours. Whether I fainted or not I do not know, but as the early day dawned I found myself sitting and looking at the peacefully calm face of the good Canon. It was more like the face of an innocent child asleep, than the cold stillness of death.

"My brain whirled. Was I going mad, was I losing my senses! My whole past life, its lost opportunities, its sins, its negligences, its wasted energies all came before me. I looked at the dead. Was this murder? Was that crime to be added to the long black list? The great drops of sweat stood out on my brow, my limbs trembled, my heart seemed to stop; was I, too, dying? I made an effort and reeled into the church. I sat down. Then came a great calm.

"That death should be a new life to me. I went once more into the sanctuary. I kissed the hand of the dead saintly priest, and I made a solemn promise to God. I would repair the past; I would work, not for myself, but for the Church. Should I ever succeed in life I would endeavour to carry on the zealous priest's work, and pay the debt on that church which, but for me, I felt would have been paid by the energetic life which I had unwittingly cut short.

"In the early morning they found their dead pastor, lying before the altar he had served so well and so faithfully. In the confusion which followed the discovery, I slipped silently from the sacred building. I went out into the cold bitter world a sad, but resolved, man. That death, by God's help, should be my life.

"I have come back to pay the debt. In the red bag is the sum of ten thousand pounds which is to go to the mission the good Canon loved so well."

The following cutting is from a daily paper :

"Loss of the s.s. Puma, bound for San Francisco It was thought that the whole of the crew and all the passengers of this ill-fated vessel were saved. It now transpires that one of the saloon passengers lost his life while in the act of rescuing a mother and child who were inadvertently left on the vessel. He succeeded in seeing them safely placed in the boat, and was about to step into it himself, when he lost his foothold and was precipitated into the sea. His last words, as he sank, were 'God's will be done.' He had shown great heroism at the time of the wreck, and was a great favourite on board. His name was Doctor Arthur Blackman."

CHAPTER X.

"So you have spent a bit of your last holiday in Lakeland," said Father Cuthbert, as we were comparing notes about our holiday travels. "All that northern district is very beautiful and very interesting, with its streams, rivers, fells, mountains, valleys and lakes. I have spent many a pleasant week in that lovely country: in all seasons of the year I've been in it—in the wildness of winter, in the freshness of spring, in the beauty of summer, and in the grandeur of changing autumn."

"I suppose," I remarked, "as usual you've come across some little adventure worthy of record, and have treasured up some little memento connected with that poet-loved district?"

"Yes; and as you have a little time, I'll tell you a winter story of Lakeland."

He took from his Curiosity Case a piece of withered heather, and pointing to it said:

"This is a memento of one of my visits. It grew on the spot where I was the subject of a new and strange experience. I will tell you the story of

"A Sprig of Heather."

My old friend Father John Manby had been some years stationed at the mission of Canrith. It is a quaint little

town, with an old ruined castle, and stands high above the valley, with a grand view of the mountains not far off. The air is bracing, and the spot is full of sunshine. Even when the storm rages on the hills and mountains some few miles away, the sun shines at Canrith.

Father Manby wrote to say that he wanted to go south on business, and if I would take a Sunday for him, he could supply for me, and the arrangement would be profitable to both of us. He knew I didn't mind the winter in the country, and so I arranged to go. I thought I should not find much to do, but there are lovely walks in the neighbourhood, and I had before experienced the good effects of the fresh keen breezes of the winter time in that mountain district.

It was early in January. I knew the locality well, and many of the good simple Catholic country folk recognized me, and heartily welcomed me as I called at their cottages on my daily walks.

"Did your reverence hear that old Molly Merlin, up along Wimblewood valley, over the fells, near the cairn, was very ill?" said a man to me, one morning soon after my arrival.

"Yes; Father Manby told me he had seen her before he left, and I intended going over to see her to-morrow."

"I saw her to-day," replied the man, "and although she was about she seemed not so well, and said that, if I saw the priest, would I tell him she would like to see him as soon as he could go."

"That settled the question. I had determined to go the

next morning directly after my breakfast; but I now changed my mind and thought it would be best to go at once. I returned to the presbytery, and after my early dinner set out to administer the last Sacraments to the good woman.

The cottage by the cairn was a long way up Wimblewood Valley, and four or five miles from the presbytery. For some distance the road was sheltered and pleasant, but when the fells were reached and the valley opened out it became more open and exposed. It was one of those peculiarly raw winter days that one meets occasionally in the north. There was a grey sky, but at times the sun shone and there were strong gusts of wind. As I turned up the desolate and bleak part of the valley I passed the last cottage, some two miles from the cairn near which Molly Merlin's cottage stood. At the best of times this place was very dreary and desolate, and the wind came sweeping down dismally and keenly. The old man who dwelt there was standing at the door and looking up the valley.

"Be going to see the old woman up by the cairn?" he asked.

I told him such was my object.

"I'm afeared, sir, you'll have a nasty walk. I don't like the look of the weather; it's beating up for a big snow storm I think."

I began to think so too. As I pushed along, the wind howled down the hills and through the valley, sending at times the frozen sleet cutting into my face. Then the dark clouds came over, and snow and hail were driven

along by the angry wind. I crept along under what shelter I could find, but it was hard work. I shall never forget the last mile. The snow storm came in gusts like a blizzard, and several times I had to crouch under some protecting boulder of rock or low bush to protect myself from the biting blast. I was fairly beaten at times, and wondered should I ever reach the cottage. My breath was knocked out of me by the cruel pelting storm, and I felt that I must give up.

I never knew how I managed to get to the end of that journey. It was one of the most terrible experiences I have ever had in the whole of my missionary career. I found out afterwards that those two last miles had taken me more than an hour to accomplish. Faint, weary and with my strength fairly beaten out of me, I at length reached the cottage. I placed my hand on the latch ; the wind swung the door open and dashed me into the room. When I had shut the door and sufficiently recovered myself I looked round.

It was a neat little room, with white-washed walls and ceiling. There was not much furniture—a little deal table and a couple of chairs. In a kind of a rude arm-chair, seated by a fire of blazing turf and wood, was the object of my journey.

Mrs. Molly Merlin was a fine old woman of nearly eighty years. She must have been very beautiful as a young woman, for her face and features still bore trace of their former comeliness. Her hair was white as the snow on the hillside.

She raised herself to her feet and lifting her hand cried out in astonishment, "Ah, Father dear, how could you come out on such a cruel afternoon? God and His blessed Mother and all the Saints protect you, as they have done in this dreadful storm."

I then explained to her that I had heard how ill she was, and that I did not like to put off my visit. "But," I exclaimed, "I thought to find you in bed!"

"Well, Father dear," she replied, "It was so cold, and I was able just to get about, so I thought I'd better be near to the fire, where I could keep it alight, and get a little warmth into my poor old frame."

I then told her of the real object of my visit, which was to prepare her for the reception of the last Sacraments.

Never shall I forget the good soul's gratitude. She had prayed, she said, that she might receive the great blessing of the last rites of Holy Church: that she might not pass away without the holy anointing and the last blessing.

"Father, all through the terrible storm this afternoon something seemed to be saying to me: 'Molly, your end is coming, and your soul will go on the storm-cloud into the great world beyond us'—but I kept on answering: 'No, I've prayed for the priest to be with me, and I know God will answer my poor prayers: I shan't die till my good Father has seen me.' And so I hoped—and waited. And you are here—praised be God's holy Name!"

Molly told me where to find the blessed candles and the holy water and a clean white cloth, and there was a little vase with some fresh green heather, which some of her

far-off neighbours had brought her. So I made a little decent altar for the repose of the Divine Guest. I then sat down for a while, and rested after the terrible fatigue of the journey.

"Father, before you attend to me, you'll find some coffee in that little cupboard, and perhaps you'll be able to help me to make a cup. You must need it badly—or something: there's a little bottle with some brandy in it which Father Manby brought, as the doctor said I should have some. Anyhow you'll see what there is in the cupboard. God help us, what an awful storm it is!" said Molly, as the wind howled in the chimney, and the door and the window creaked under the stress of the storm.

I found a little coffee-pot and the requisites, and soon was regaling myself with a steaming and comforting cup of coffee. Feeling quite refreshed and perfectly warm, and having satisfied the anxieties of the good woman with regard to myself, I prepared her for the reception of the Sacraments.

It was a truly touching spectacle. The child-like piety, the ardent faith, and the fervent hope of that simple soul, reminded me of the Divine Master's words—"I confess to Thee, O Father, because Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent and hast revealed them to little ones."

And while the good old faithful child of the Church made her thanksgiving to the Divine Guest, and poured out her soul in grateful prayer, I took out my Breviary and

recited a portion of my office. I could not venture out into the storm, which was raging with unabated fury.

I soon forgot the storm outside, and the poverty within that little cottage. The time passed quickly. I busied myself in rendering what assistance I could to that saintly old woman. I am not a bad hand at making a cup of tea or, at a push, at preparing a meal; so finding a not badly stored cupboard, I managed to set before Molly Merlin a very inviting little repast, which I shared with her.

She was very weak, but full of animation. She reminded me of former visits I had made to her cottage with Father Manby; and I naturally questioned her about her granddaughter, whom I had once seen with her at the cottage.

The old woman's eyes were dimmed with tears as she said "Father, her's is a sad story; shall I tell it to you?"

At my request she informed me that she herself had been left with an only child who married a soldier. The husband of her daughter had died in India, leaving his wife with an infant. When this child was seven years old her mother died. The good Molly then took charge of her grandchild, whose name was Kate Penton.

It was, she explained, but a poor life for the child. She herself had lived in the old cottage from the days of her own widowhood, and her life had been passed in the shadow of those mountains. Kate grew up a fine, strong, handsome girl: but she was headstrong and wayward. She had a knack—a very unhappy one—of quarelling with all who wished to do her good. She imagined all

were against her: and her proud spirit often resented even acts of kindness. She was continually getting herself into scrapes. When she was fifteen she left her grandmother's cottage, and nothing was heard of her for a year, when she returned quite suddenly. She had obtained a situation at a distance, but left it in a fit of temper, and had gone back to the cottage near the cairn. She knew, she said, that granny would forgive her, and that she would find the door open. "And," added the good woman, "she was right—the door was always on the latch. I never locked it, for as I told her when she asked me why; 'Darling,' I said, 'I knew you'd come back; but if you'd found the door locked you might have turned back and never come home!'"

Kate stayed with her grandmother for more than two years, and then she went away again. Her wayward, active spirit could not rest; she found no scope for her energetic nature in those wild and rustic scenes. Her grandmother had heard from her once or twice from London, and she had sent money, but she would not give an address, and so she could not be communicated with. In fact she had sent her money some couple of months back, and this had enabled the good woman to live in some degree of comfort. "But," she added, "it is five years since she left me, and she'll be about twenty-three now. Ah, how I would wish to see her before I die! to know that she is happy and well and keeping good. You remember when she was with me the last time, you saw her, Father, and gave her a medal of Our Lady. She

always wore it, and took it away with her. You, she said, were always kind with her; and you never scolded her for being naughty. She only knew you when you came down here; but somehow she often spoke about you. Some day, perhaps, when she hears that her old granny is dead, she may come to see you, I know you'll be kind to her, for she was not and is not, I'm sure, a bad and wicked girl. But sometimes I've thought—yes, often and often I've thought—and prayed, that I might see her before I die. God has been good to me—O! so good, and perhaps He may grant me this one more great favour in this life, to see my darling Katie's face once more.

I could not chide the good woman for this fancy; but I felt she was nearer the end of her long, quiet good life, than she herself expected. I said some little prayers with her, and then prevailed upon her to retire to rest. "It is impossible," I said, "for me to return to-night; the storm is still raging, I must remain here till daylight. I will stop by the fire and watch. To-morrow I can send up someone to look after you, for you must not be left alone."

When I had seen that she was comfortably resting, and had supplied her with some warm beverage, I settled myself down to a comfortable rest in the old woman's quaint arm-chair. I had piled up the turf and wood on the fire, and the little room was warm and cosy. Before composing myself I had glanced out into the night. It was still snowing, and the wind was blowing, but not so furiously as it had before. I greatly hoped that before the morning broke the storm would have passed.

Then I began to review the past history of Old Molly Merlin and her grand-child, Kate Penton. What had happened to the girl? No longer a girl, but a fine young woman; and in the great, cruel, wicked metropolis, the huge city of evil, alone and friendless! If she were not afraid of me, why had she not sought me out? She evidently was not badly off, or she could not have forwarded the sums of money mentioned by her grandmother. But why should she not have given more information? She was, I knew, wayward and headstrong. Had she drifted into wicked ways of the sinful city? How could she be saved?

I had found on the shelf a well-worn edition of the beautiful story of *Fabiola*, and I interested myself in its contents. The time passed. At length, what with reading and musing, I began to feel sleepy; so I looked to the fire, turned down the lamp and dozed.

How long I had been sleeping I know not. I woke with a start. The fire had burnt low, and there was a cold keen blast of air in the room. The door was open, and in the open doorway stood the figure of a woman. A shawl was thrown over her head, and her dress was hidden by her waterproof, but shawl and waterproof were covered with snow.

I speedily roused myself. Placing my finger on my lips, and pointing to the room in which the sick woman was resting, I motioned to my strange visitor to close the door and to be silent.

I then turned up the lamp.

In a whisper of suspense the stranger said: "What, Father Cuthbert! are you here? And where and how is my granny?"

Yes, it was no other than Kate Penton herself.

"Sit down," I said, "and I will tell you all; but first you must let me know how you have come here on this awful night, and by what means you reached the cottage. I will first see that our dear old patient is quiet comfortable."

I passed into the little bedroom, and found Molly Merlin sleeping peacefully.

"Now," I said, "before you begin your story, you must have some refreshment, after your buffeting with the storm."

The kettle was handy, and it did not take long for the young woman to provide herself and me with a well-made cup of tea. I had prided myself some hours previously on my operations; but the quiet, noiseless and speedy way in which Kate Penton set to work quite startled me. She had put aside her shawl, her waterproof and her goloshes, and stood attired in the travelling dress of a lady. and a fine, tall, handsome lady she was.

"Now, Father," she said, "I will tell you how I got here. Somehow or other I couldn't rest in London. I felt I must come back to the old cottage by the cairn, and see granny once more. So I came on to Canrith. There I got a trap and intended to drive up the valley to granny's cottage, but when I got to the last cottage, about two

miles from here, the coachman refused to go a step further. The storm was then beginning to rage in all its fury. So he put up his horse and trap in an old disused cowshed and stable, and we took shelter in the cottage. The old cottager told me that the priest had gone on some time before to see Molly Merlin. That is why I wasn't surprised to see you. The old man only wondered how you could have faced so terrific a storm.

"It was impossible to proceed at once, and so I waited. I've known many a terrible snowstorm in these parts, but I think I have never witnessed anything like this present one. How you ever reached the cottage I can't imagine. And so I waited, and waited, and the hours were so long, so dreary, so terrible, the suspense so great that at last, when there came a lull, I determined to face the fury of the night and battle my way to the old cottage. What if I should not find granny living? It was only two miles and I knew every foot of the way, and so I set out. I came on, and I am, thank God! here."

"I think," I said, "I hear your good granny calling, so I'll just slip in and see what she wants."

Yes, the good woman was awake, and gently I broke to her the glad tidings of the wanderer's return.

"Ah," she exclaimed, "How can I sufficiently thank God for this great favour and blessing! Now, indeed, I shall die happy. Bring her to me, dear Father!"

She was in a very exhausted state and very weak; so I bade her be as calm as she could.

The happy meeting of the aged woman and her grand-

child I shall not attempt to describe. I left them together for some time and returned to the fireside where I sat musing over the Providence that had so wonderfully arranged all the strange incidents of that night.

At length I was roused to consciousness of my surroundings by a gentle hand placed on my shoulder. It was Kate Penton. Tears were in her eyes and on her cheek. She spoke in a broken voice. Her granny was worse: she wished to see me.

When I came to the bedside, I saw that the end was not far distant. Poor old Molly Merlin had nearly finished her long life journey. Her voice was weak, and she spoke in a broken whisper. She begged me to read the prayers for the dying, and to pray for her happy death.

Full of beautiful sentiments of ardent gratitude to God for all his mercies, she commended herself and her granddaughter to the fostering care of her gentle Saviour.

"Don't fret, Katie darling," she whispered, "Father Cuthbert will be always a kind friend and father to you; and I know you'll keep the promises you have made to me. God ever bless you!"

We watched and prayed. As the dawn came, a faint light lit up the dying woman's face, a sweet smile flickered on her countenance, a sigh parted from her lips. All was still. The merciful angel of death had taken to her eternal home the soul of the faithful old Catholic. The morning light broke over the old cottage by the cairn, and shone on the placid features of the dead.

In that place, made sacred by the presence of the dear departed one, Katie told me the history of her life in London.

She had a good voice and a fine figure, she was fond of singing and of dancing, and so she soon found her way to the Music Hall stage. "O, Father," she said, "it was terrible work in the beginning, struggling for existence, but I struggled and kept myself straight; and I succeeded in the profession. But in the midst of all my temptations, I thank God I never drifted into a sinful life. I never dragged my womanhood in the mire. My Mother Mary has saved me from that. You know this medal, don't you, Father Cuthbert? it is the one you gave me when you were once on a visit here. I've kept it ever since, and I hope I shall wear it all my life. You see," she added, "I wear it now not on a piece of ribbon, but on a golden chain. I bought that chain as soon as I could afford it. The medal deserves all the honour that I can give it. Again and again, in trial and trouble, I've looked at it, I've kissed it, I've treasured it. At times I've almost tired of life; and when I've left the music hall I've strolled down, in the silent hours, to the dark river that runs through the gay wicked city, and have thought how many sad lives its murky waters have ended. But I've clutched my medal, and it has stood between me and temptation and despair. My sweet Mother Mary, whom granny taught me as a child to love, she has saved me.

"I've been, I know, a giddy, foolish, wayward, worldly girl. I've been spoilt and petted. My life has been full of

flattery and gaiety. I remember once I accepted an invitation to supper. Somehow or other my medal was hanging exposed. The brute who was entertaining me passed a blasphemous remark. My blood was up; he had insulted one most dear to me, for whose sake I'd forfeit all. I dashed the champagne I was drinking into the wretch's face; I struck him with the glass and cut his sleek handsome coward face. They knew then; they respected the lone girl; they knew they could not insult me with impunity.

"See, then, Father, what I owe to my heavenly Mother. Somehow or other she has kept me straight. She—and—and—the good dear old granny who has gone to her eternal blessed reward. I know I've been wild and haven't kept to my religion, but generally I've been to Mass, and I have never forgotten a little prayer and my trust in God's holy Mother. I don't deserve all the blessings and favours I've had, but I thank God for them; I realize them all now as I never did before. I've promised the dead to lead a better life, to mend my ways. It's never too late to begin again, and so I promise God to serve Him better."

Time went on. Kate Penton kept her word. She gave up the life which had been full of temptation and where the struggle for virtue was hard, and in time became a trained nurse in one of the great hospitals in London. She edified all by her quiet practice of her holy religion. The other day she wrote to me to ask my prayers. She

was leaving England with the Army Nursing Sisters for service with the South African Field Force.

The sprig of heather I took from the little vase that had stood on the table in that cottage near the cairn, on that eventful winter night.

dark stairs, or in the cheerless cold of a neglected room, when the drunken frenzy had seized his parents.

It was a bleak, cold, snowy Christmas eve. The church was crowded, the altar and the sanctuary were bright and festive, the choir filed into the stalls, followed by the officiating priest. The organ pealed through the sacred building. Then the Midnight Mass began.

They were singing that grand Mass of Gounod, the *Messe Solennelle*. The pathetic strains of the *Kyrie* had died away. I had intoned the opening words of the *Gloria*. Then to the accompaniment of the harp and the closed lips chorus, the beautiful sweet soprano voice of little Patsy trilled out the wondrous words of the Angels song : "Gloria in excelsis Deo, et in terra pax hominibus bonæ voluntatis." The soul of the little flushed-faced chorister went out with that beautiful music. There were tears in the eyes of many as they listened to the child's voice that night.

Now and again there came a cough, oh so hollow, from the choir, and I knew it was Patsy.

I saw the choir taking their coffee after Mass. "Father," said Patsy, "may I stay in the sacristy till the High Mass?" God help the poor child ! I knew what he meant. I made him up a nice warm couch on some cushions, near the hot water pipes, and covered him over with a warm rug "Ah, this is nice ! God bless you, Father !" he said.

When I went into the church to prepare for the early Mass in the morning, I found him still sleeping peacefully. And there by his side were his worn and broken shoes—

on the sanctuary he had worn his choir slippers. Poor boy! no wonder that he coughed even in his sleep.

The music of the High Mass was somewhat florid, but little Patsy seemed to surpass himself in the correct and sweet rendering of the score. When we got into the sacristy, the choirmaster said to me: "I'm afraid Patsy is very ill: he nearly fainted during the last Gospel." The poor child was coughing, and I noticed a great stain of blood on his white cotta. Then came a bright scarlet stream. He had broken a blood vessel.

We tended him carefully, and as soon as possible he was removed to the hospital.

A week passed. It was New Year's day. My dear little choir boy, I knew, was dying. I had given him all the last rites.

When I entered the ward he was unconscious, but he was sitting up in bed and his large lustrous eyes looked steadily into vacancy, the light that shone from them seemed preternaturally bright. Then the thin little fingers began to beat time. The lips parted, and the sweet strains of the introduction of the Gloria of Gounod's *Messe Solennelle* echoed through the still ward. Every sound ceased, every ear listened eagerly to those wonderful notes of joy of the angels' song as rendered by that child's marvellous voice—"Gloria in excelsis Deo."

And then the voice stopped. Once more the eyes lit up

with a radiant light, and the little chorister sang the opening stanza of the *Adeste Fideles:*

"Regem Angelorum . . .
Venite adoremus Dominum."

The child's voice was silent. Patsy fell back; the lips and the clothes were stained with bright crimson spots. The little choir boy had gone to join the angels in their never-ending song of praise.

RESCUE WORK

By Lady Edmund Talbot*

Official returns made a few years ago present a sad and painful picture of the material and economic condition of the English poor. Since then there has been an awakening among the upper classes; a desire to improve the conditions of the poor; philanthropic and religious movements are stirring; there is a rendering of personal service. These are hopeful signs.

What are the Catholic laity of England doing to further a movement which is all-important to us, for we have high interests at stake—the souls of our Catholic poor, who, we are told, are drifting away by thousands from the Church. It has been whispered that the laity are not sufficiently employed in the work of the Church, but may we not take it for granted that there are very few Catholics in England who would not come forward to help the parish priests to lessen the leakage, who would not give personal service in order to prevent the poorer part of our population drifting from the Faith, if the deplorable condition of the lapsed masses of the poor were clearly put before them, if they realized that there is now, here in England, a great work to be done, which it is in the power of the laity to do, but which can only be achieved by the clergy and laity working in harmony?

The Work and our Provision for it.

What is the work before us?

When school-days are ending, and our boys and girls

* A Paper read at the Catholic Conference, 1900.

enter the arena of life, we are told that large numbers of them drift away from the Church, and this because they are not properly provided for when their elementary education is over. This seems to be an educational question as well as a religious question, or rather the two questions dovetail one into the other. For years we have confided to the laity the elementary education of our poor; for this a body of lay teachers has been trained under the direction of the clergy, and these have the care of our children up to the age of twelve or thirteen. At this critical period of their lives, when the children of the poor begin the battle of life, we leave them alone to do as best they can. They are cast into workshops and factories, with no other stay or security than the half-digested instruction they have received in early childhood; what wonder if, surrounded as they must be by temptations of every kind, living as they are forced to do in a non-Catholic atmosphere, they drift away from Mass and the Sacraments to an extent which is deplorable? They work all day, sometimes far into the night, to earn their daily bread, only to come home fagged out and weary, with no inclination for anything but dearly-bought rest, or the amusments which help to drown the dulness of their every-day lives. They return home to find a worn-out mother, and perhaps a drunken father, and half a dozen children who make rest almost impossible, and so they are driven to seek some place other than home, where rest is out of the question. So the evil begins; our boys and girls *go out* to find recreation, and they find it only too easily in public-houses, gin palaces, penny gaffs, and the like, where they meet with all that is injurious to faith and morals.

We who are better off take the greatest care of our children from the ages of thirteen to twenty. We are more anxious as to whom they see, where they go, than we were at the earlier stages of their existence. And why? Because in early childhood they were less likely to come into harm's way; whereas from thirteen to twenty we know they are more impressionable. From the age of thirteen we begin

our anxiety and our care; and we guard and protect them as far as we can from evil influences. But it is not thus with the children of the poor. They begin to fight the battle of life when they leave school, with no protection, often with few friends. What wonder that they drift from the Faith? It is to safeguard, to befriend, and to help the children of the poor after school-days are over that the Catholic Social Union and other such works have been started; and it is to do this work, which in reality is the continuation of the education of the poor, that the Catholic laity of England have been urged to come forward and help on a work which is all-important; for what is sown in the minds of children before the age of twenty makes an impression more or less lasting, and the influence exercised over the mind and heart of a child in its teens will tell later on in the life of the man or woman for good or for evil.

How can we expect our boys and girls to become good fathers and mothers of families, to make good citizens and Englishmen, if we neglect them at the age of thirteen, just as their character is being formed, when they are most open to impressions of all kinds? What provision have we for our youth who have left school? Gilds we have, but not enough; clubs we have, but not sufficient for our needs. If it be true that the Catholic youth are drifting away from the Faith by hundreds, what can we do to put an end to this ever-increasing leakage? What can the Catholic laity of England do to help their Bishops and their clergy to educate, instruct, and amuse those who are leaving school until they are settled in life?

What can we do for our boys? What can we do for our girls? We must give them the religious, moral, and intellectual attention which the children of the rich receive. The work to be done is the training of the minds and hearts of Catholic children when school-days are over—the continuation of the education they have received in our elementary schools; to educate the hearts as well as the

minds of our children, to make them love their Faith and live by it, in order to keep them in the Church. So much for the children who are on the point of leaving school. But there are others who equally need our care—those who have left school for some years, who are older and more independent; these, we are told, have gone altogether. Many are settled in factories, and have not been heard of for years. These have to be got back, and they can be got back; but this is more difficult, because they are sometimes hardened and generally indifferent, and can only be got at by patience and tact, as experience in the East End of London shows us, and also in Sheffield and other northern towns. Moreover, we have an example set us by non-Catholics, who have junior clubs and gilds, managed by lay workers, for those who are leaving school, and senior clubs for the roughest factory hands, where they are looked after, instructed and amused, in order to keep them out of harm's way. This is the work before us—to organize clubs for those who are leaving school. By this means our children will be kept together, and gilds can be formed which will give a religious tone to the club, so that the parish priest may feel that those who leave his school are cared for; that he can find them ready at hand; that he has an organized body of voluntary workers who are in touch with his children, whom they are keeping for him, in order that he may not lose sight of those he knew so well at school. These junior clubs will feed his senior clubs for girls, his young men's societies and his boys' brigade; and the two will work together, though they cannot be mixed if they are to be efficiently worked. Experience shows us that our elder boys and girls resent the intrusion of younger children in a club; but if evening clubs are opened for the former where amusements are provided, where useful classes are held, where sympathy and kindness are to be had, the boys and girls who have drifted away will return, and can be got to Mass and the Sacraments though they may have lapsed for some years.

This has been proved in the working of the Catholic Social Union Clubs, which are in reality doing rescue as well as preventive work.

The Object and Management of Clubs.

How is it proposed to do this work?

If every denomination saved its own poor, the social problem would be solved. Other denominations, as has been said, have given us an example of what can be done for those who are leaving school, of the care bestowed on factory hands, flower-girls, match-girls, and others. It would be impossible to give an exhaustive list of all the non-Catholic clubs in England. Many are run privately or in connection with places of religious worship, some are affiliated to societies like the Young Women's Christian Association, the Young Women's Help Society, and many others. Winchester, Altrincham, Barnsley, Bradford, Birmingham, Bromley, Glasgow, Leeds, Leicester, Macclesfield, Oxford, Poole, Rotherham, Sheffield, Worcester, Leamington, etc., are examples of places where clubs for girls have been successfully run for years. Nottingham has done remarkable work of this kind; about two hundred young ladies, girls of the more educated classes, have given valuable help in the organization of clubs. Many of these clubs are managed by a committee of ladies; some have a paid, but most of them a voluntary, superintendent, and when a club is thoroughly established, the members are often invited to take a share in the management, which gives them a sense of responsibility and a pride in their club. Clubs such as these are on the increase all over England, and if we do not provide clubs for our Catholic youth they will be drawn into those of other denominations, to the peril of their Faith, for it stands to reason that if they have no clubs of their own, they will attend those provided by non-Catholic associations. The attractions of such places are great; money is plentiful, workers are zealous kindness and sympathy are to be had for nothing;

what wonder if our poor take advantage of all they can get, in spite of its being injurious to their Faith? We tell them to avoid the public-house, music-halls, and the like; we deprecate their going to Protestant clubs, but we do not trouble ourselves to provide Catholic substitutes. What can they do? They will, and they do, attend Protestant clubs; they possibly join in the prayers, they often assist at the Bible class; what wonder if faith is weakened, if they gradually become indifferent and give up their religion altogether?

The workers of the various denominations do not want our girls and boys—they have enough to do in looking after their own; we cannot accuse them of any direct desire of proselytizing; but their clubs are filled in many cases with our Catholic youth, simply because we have so few clubs of our own. If we ever think of the dulness of the lives of the poor, of the weariness of returning to a dingy room, tired out by a hard day's work in a noisy workshop or factory, if we appreciate what a little sympathy, an hour's rest and recreation in a well-lit and well-warmed room can do for those who live apart from the upper classes, whose lives are marked by an absence of all the elevating influences of wealth, education, and refinement, we shall know the use of clubs for our poor.

One would like to see clubs established as a matter of course in every parish in England, worked by lay workers under the direction and with the hearty co-operation of the clergy, for nothing can be well worked without the sympathy of the parish priest. A club is not a difficult thing to start; it only requires a little energy and a certain amount of tact. If the Catholic laity with time and leisure would organize them, they would find a large field of workers among the middle-class population only too ready to throw themselves into such work. Sheffield is an example of this, for most of the Catholic Social Union Clubs there have been managed by men and women who were drawn from this class, whose regular and un-

flagging attendance all the year round is remarkable, and whose influence over the boys and girls is greater than that of the most refined of the upper classes. Clubs for girls and clubs for boys, once begun, lead to other works, which spread in different directions. No one who has not seen the developments can imagine what good can be done throughout a parish by the mere fact of gathering together those who have left school. A club should be primarily recreative, though instructive classes should be organized; but a club is not a disguised evening school, as the enthusiast for education fondly imagines; it should be a place where our young working population, the fathers and mothers of future generations, on whom the welfare and happiness of England depends, will find an ever-ready welcome, so that evening time may bring some joy into lives which are at best colourless and often sad. So far scarcely anything has been done by us to brighten these poor young lives. Nor does the work end here, for a club is only a centre for wider activity. Those who have worked and watched and waited in the East End of London and in Sheffield have been amply repaid for any disappointment which may have attended their efforts in the beginning, and their testimony goes to prove that such work is well worth doing, and that the results obtained in the spiritual order have in many cases surpassed their expectations.

How the Work grows.

The work has been blessed, the seed sown is bearing fruit, for the face of many a parish has been changed. Out of a club where games, dancing, and amusements are freely indulged in grows the necessity of district visiting; the members fall off and need looking up to ensure a more regular attendance. In looking up the members many parents are found who have not "bothered" about Mass and the Sacraments for a long time, "nor has the neighbour next door." Thus the district work increases, and by degrees we get in touch with the parents of the club

members; in other words, we begin to *know* the poor. Then entertainments are given at the club, to which the parents are invited; a mothers' meeting is established, and perhaps a club for men; all this fosters a spirit of union amongst our people, strengthens the influence of the clergy, and breaks down the barrier which through our own selfishness and love of ease we have placed between ourselves and Christ's poor. The outcome of club work is not only productive of good in that we keep in touch with those who are leaving or who have left school, but it enables us to come into contact with all the parents of our club members if we choose to do so, or rather if we can get enough workers to help us. In East London and in Sheffield the experience of the result of club work is briefly this: whole families who have lapsed for years have been brought back to the Church, children have been taken from board schools, club members have been converted, gilds have been established in the club, and monthly communions for those who used to go but once or twice a year. Religious instruction classes have been organized for those club members who had not made their first communion. Mothers' meetings have been started; little children whose faith was in danger have been rescued; religious instruction classes and Sunday schools have been formed for children attending board schools, who receive no religious education. Men's clubs have been formed for miners and working men, many of whom had lapsed from the Church altogether; out of boys' clubs a boys' brigade has been formed; gilds and Sunday classes for boys who were leaving school. Many a lad who had lapsed from the practice of his religious duties has been brought back by attending the club or by joining the boys' brigade. Attention should also be called to the Juvenile Temperance League, which works so successfully in some of the clubs in the North, and which, if more widely spread, would help to stamp out a vice which is far too prevalent among our Catholic population. Last, but not

least, a more regular attendance at Mass and larger Easter Communions have rejoiced the heart of the parish priest and those who have worked under him. All this is slow to come, and if such work requires an intelligent interest in the welfare of the poor, it also requires patience, for it is often discouraging, and frequently results in failure, for which there is but one remedy; that is, to begin again—to begin over and over again until success crowns our efforts. One can only ask those who imagine such work impossible, and who doubt its ultimate success, to come and see what has been done by men and women of the upper and middle classes possessed of courage, tenacity, and dogged perseverance, who work for God in the sacrifice of self.

The Difficulties.

What are the difficulties?

This paper presumes that the Gospels are true and obligatory; that we are confronted by a huge social problem; that we are so ill prepared to meet it that we lose thousands of our young people by leakage; and that we are responsible for the loss if we draw back and decline to put our shoulder to the wheel, if we refuse to help to stem the tide of leakage which exists in the Church to-day. The answer to the question, "Am I my brother's keeper?" is in the affirmative: "I *am* my brother's keeper." By mutual forbearance and by efficient organization we can gather together our forces, which, though small and poor, are at least loyal to the Church, and animated by the spirit of the Gospel. There is an idea among some Catholics that the work done by the laity is tolerated, but not approved, by the clergy. If this feeling were allowed to increase, it would retard a work which has gone on successfully for some five or six years. It is a feeling which discourages the workers, and their work is carried on with a diffidence which does away with zeal, because they are not clear in their own minds that they are right in carrying on a work which they feel may not have the hearty approval of the priests of the

parish. This wave of doubt and uncertainty paralyzes the lay workers, and prevents their having that feeling of security which is necessary in the work with which this paper deals. If clubs for the poor who have left school are to be considered harmless but useless, the work can never be thorough, and the courage of those who manage such clubs is bound to fail sooner or later.

The laity, no doubt, are but imperfect instruments. They may be overbearing, interfering, and exacting; but viewed as a means to gain an end, would not most of our clergy say, "Am I not better with an exacting, overbearing, fussing laity, with all their disadvantages, than with an idle, indifferent, shut-up, selfish, though thoroughly pious people?" Then our clergy are very naturally suspicious of a new departure from the ordinary parish routine. They are accustomed to the old separation between the worldly world and the religious world; and a fear of having tactless district visitors in the parish makes them dread lay interference, lest the cure be worse than the existing evil. Then there are the imaginary objections founded on politics and class jealousies, all of which tend to make our clergy diffident in the employment of lay help. These difficulties can only be overcome by casting aside petty jealousies, by sinking personal feelings. The clergy and laity have a common aim; both are working for God in the salvation of souls, and unless they labour in harmony the work cannot succeed.

Sympathy and Co-operation.

No work can be efficiently carried on in a parish unless the parish priest and the workers are in complete sympathy, unless the work be done with his approval and his co-operation. To attempt to work a club without the approval of the parish priest would be to court failure. On the other hand, few of us appreciate all our clergy have to do, all the constant worry and anxiety that forms part and parcel of their daily lives; and if the laity are to help the

clergy, it is not by adding to their burden, but by lightening it. If the laity seek to gather together those who have left school, to amuse, interest, and instruct them, it is in order to have them ready for the priest, whose anxiety is to keep in touch with the rising generation, whose elementary education, religious and secular, he has watched over from infancy, until they drift into the vortex of a work-a-day life. It is then that he loses sight of those who were wont to attend his school; it is at this juncture that the clergy and laity must work hand in hand to keep those who are no longer in the elementary schools from lapsing from the Faith. In this the laity want their work more than tolerated, more than approved. Such work, to succeed, must be helped, aided, encouraged, and advertised throughout the parish; a word from the priest in the homes of the poor as he goes his daily round of house-to-house visiting fills the evening clubs. A well-organized body of lay workers might be as eyes to our clergy, as hands by which our priests could help hundreds of souls whose lives must otherwise be left uncared for and beyond their reach.

If this work requires an intelligent interest in the welfare of the poor, it requires patience and mutual forbearance. Moreover, this is a work the laity have been called upon to do by those in authority. The press for many years past has been full of appeals to the Catholic laity to come forward and help their parish priests to lessen the leakage. The Bishops have urged the laity to work in co-operation with the clergy. The results of these appeals have been proved in the work of the Catholic Social Union Clubs, and the like, which have gathered together those who are most forsaken. Surely what has been done affords matter for consolation! Surely the practical results already obtained will encourage the faint-hearted and reassure those who imagine that the poor resent being visited, and are no concern of theirs; and if there be difficulties and misunderstanding between those who work and those who guide, could not these be settled by an assurance of the approval

of the latter in some tangible form, such as a call from the parish priests to the laity to come forward and lend a hand in a work which neither can do alone? This would encourage the laity to volunteer in larger numbers and lighten the burden of the clergy; this would clear away the difficulties between those who are doing a noble work for the poor and the clergy under whom they must work, whose approval they desire, whose help they need; so that in spite of difficulties and drawbacks which are inevitable, the laity would feel that they were not alone in their labours, that the parish priest is there to guide, advise, and co-operate as far as he can in a work of which he is the pioneer.

Organization the Remedy.

If everybody swept his own doorstep, the whole street would be clean. Yes, but which *is* mine? That ragged tramp who sleeps on the Embankment—is *he* a responsibility of mine? Those lapsed multitudes living near me in a state of indifference, godlessness, and sin—are they my business or some one else's? And then the besom to sweep with—shall it be my own individual brush, or that of St. Vincent de Paul, or that of one of the existing gilds, confraternities, and clubs? Shall we do well to organize another system? Have we not enough patent sweepers? Why not strengthen the existing organizations rather than start a new broom?

The answers are as follows. The sleeping tramp on the Embankment wall is the responsibility of everyone who sleeps in a house and a bed, and has food and money to share with his poorer neighbour. Those lapsed multitudes living outside the Church are the responsibility of those who have all the advantages of social position, combined with a sound religious training. And as to the broom with which to clean the doorstep, different ages, places, and circumstances demand different systems of mutual help. What has been brought home to us is the fact which stares

us in the face to-day, that with all our existing organizations and gilds, the destitution and helplessness of the poorer part of our Catholic population are appalling, and the leakage from the Catholic Church is staggering.

This paper presumes that the well-to-do of the upper and middle classes acknowledge their responsibilities to the poor, that the existence of the lapsed poor needs only to be grasped by them as a great reality to urge them into action, so that by giving personal service they may stem the tide of leakage which exists to-day. We cannot do this vicariously, through priests and sisters. This is a work of personal service which we must perform ourselves. We need an army of voluntary workers (1) to save the lapsed poor—men, women, and children; (2) to missionize the heathen masses living friendless and godless in our midst. This is a work of regeneration, and can only be accomplished by unselfish personal exertion. The poor must be evangelized, and we need a host of lay missioners to do it, who are trained to work under and in co-operation with the clergy. As a rule, debating conferences on religious and philanthropic questions have a tendency to lapse into the condition described by Sydney Smith in his definition of a charity organization committee—that A and B sit down and decide that C is to be relieved, and that D is to do it. If we are to help our clergy to save the lapsed poor, we must not sit down and decide that the lapsed poor must be reclaimed, but that the clergy and sisters are to do it, unaided by the personal service of the laity. How can the clergy and nuns do this work alone? They are already overworked, and would in most cases welcome the assistance of a well-organized body of lay workers, who would keep in touch with their people, and who would do what they cannot do single-handed—make constant and steady house-to-house visiting part of the work they are called on to perform. The poor love to be visited; they only resent it when it is badly or injudiciously done. Hence the necessity of a training for those who take up this work among the poor. It is not our mission to patronize, but to sympathize; to give out to the

poor some of the affection we lavish on our relatives. We all know the value of a little sunshine; why cannot we shed some of our brightness into the homes of the poor? If district visiting is essential, the literature they distribute among the poor facilitates the work of the district visitors; and perhaps if the Catholic Truth Society realized the valuable assistance they could give in this direction, they might provide short, telling leaflets in large print, on Mass and the Sacraments, and on other matters intimately connected with the religious welfare of our people.

The Training of Workers.

The social problem of the lapsed poor viewed *en masse* is disheartening, because it is too great; the only relief to this is organization—small, fixed duties for individuals. St. Vincent de Paul, when he realized the need of his day, set himself to work to organize his Ladies of Charity; he gave each definite work to do, he made his workers devote themseves to the sick poor. Different ages, places, and localities need different methods, and we have now before us not only the poor who are suffering from bodily infirmities, but the poor who are spiritually diseased, viz., the lapsed poor; and besides the Catholics who have lapsed, we have multitudes living like heathen who might be brought into the Church if those who have the faith could be got to go among them, and carry on a crusade. We have missionary colleges for foreign missions, but there are practical heathen living in our midst whom we might get into the Church had we zealous and earnest men and women who would take up such work and carry it through in spite of difficulties. The foundation of such work is laid; we have settlements, clubs, gilds, and the boys' brigade, all working more or less well; what we need is more workers, and workers who are fitted for the work they undertake, be it great or small. We have confided the elementary education of our poor to a body of trained teachers, and we require a body of trained workers to continue the education of our children who are leaving school, for nothing can be well done unless we have efficient workers. Could not those

who work in settlements have a course of training which would fit them for working in other parishes, and so spread the system all over England? Would not our clergy help to form workers? This could be done if in settlements regular courses of lectures were given by different parish priests; such instructions to workers would teach them what is wanted, how to do it, and in what spirit the work should be done. These instructions have been tried on a small scale, and the result has been that those who were diffident received encouragement, and those who were ignorant of the good they might do volunteered to help in one way or another. Such lectures might perhaps give our clergy greater confidence in their lay workers, who had received their instructions.

A very good training can be got by ladies going about with Sisters, such as the Sisters of Charity or the Little Company of Mary, whose province it is to visit the poor; by doing this the ladies have learnt that their mission was to sympathize and not to patronize, to help and not pauperize the people If we require to know what to do, we also need to be taught how to do it. In taking up work of this kind, a knowledge of how to deal with cases which must come before us is absolutely necessary. We must have some idea what cases can be dealt with by law, what are cases for industrial schools, when and how we can appeal to non-Catholic associations, such as the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children, and others. If we have a trained body of teachers for the children in our elementary schools, surely we need a body of trained workers to care for and help those who have passed out of our schools. If our interest in elementary education is so keen, must not our interest in those who have left school cease just when they most need care, protection, and training? Our responsibilities remain, and are as great, if not greater, than ever. What has been done has proved that such work can be done; the spiritual results alone ought to encourage the diffident, and to urge into action those who are faint-hearted; and one can only ask those who are still

unbelieving to come and see what has been achieved by those who, animated by the spirit of the Gospel, see Christ in the person of His poor.

An Appeal for Personal Service.

The leakage will be lessened when the Catholic laity of England resumes its activity and unity, when every Catholic woman considers it her duty and her privilege to hold out the hand of sympathy to what the world calls the dregs of humanity, who herd together in the slums and alleys of our big towns; when, leaving for a while her pleasant surroundings, she endeavours to succour the poor, to heal the broken-hearted by rendering them personal service; when she assumes the position of the lady of the manor of mediæval times, who really loved and cared for her poor, and looked on them as one of her cherished responsibilities. If we are to succeed, we must not imagine we can stand selfishly aside, one of us in a country house, another in a city office, a third in any other field of activity, thinking only of our immediate interests, and abstaining from combining together for the co-operation in which salvation alone is to be found. Unless we co-operate we are lost; our Catholic children, when school-days are ending, will drift away; our Catholic poor will lapse from the Faith in ever-increasing numbers. Our efforts must be met by a corresponding effort on the part of those under whom we work. It is for the parish priest to rally his forces, and call his laity to his side to supplement, not to supersede him.

There is nothing new in this paper; the poor have always been and will always be with us, and to face the fact of the leakage among them needs no great intellectual effort. There is a great work to be done, and the number of those who can undertake it is insufficient. We are all more convinced by deeds than by words, and when the Catholic men and women of England realize what the leakage means, they will surely come forward and give their personal service for the honour and glory of God, and the salvation of souls.

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